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Branxholme Tower.

THREE miles west of Hawick, on the sloping northern shore of the river Teviot, stands Branxholme Tower. It occupies a position which, in the old days of war and bloodshed, would be deemed a strong one, but which in these more peaceful times is changed to one of picturesque beauty. Behind it a long line of green hills rises gently from the river. On the east, a brawling streamlet, which tradition terms the Bloody Burn, owing to its having run red with blood during some old-time foray, has carved for

itself a precipitous course. In front, "sweet Teviot's silver tide" ripples on with gentle murmur to the Tweed. Goldielands Peel looks out from its wooded eminence like some "hoary sentinel"; while in summer the fields around wave with the ripe yellow corn, and the hillsides glint with the yellow and green of the broom and the bracken.

From the accompanying sketch (for which the writer is indebted to Mr. James Hogg) it will be seen that Branxholme at present consists of a long plain building with a tower at its western extremity. The former is of com-



paratively recent date, the tower being the only part left of the old keep. It is supposed by some that the building originally consisted of a large quadrangle with one such tower at each corner. Two of these bore the names of Tentifute and Nebsie, the latter name being applied to the tower still existing. However, Mr. David Macgibbon, a Scottish architect who, in conjunction with Mr. T. Ross, is at present engaged in publishing a valuable work on the "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," is of opinion that the buildings were shaped like the letter Z, a form once somewhat common in Scotland.

Behind the tower stands a venerable ash, bearing the name of the Duke or Hanging Tree, on which, doubtless, many a stout Border riever and mosstrooper has paid the last penalty of his marauding propensities. The greater part of it has been blown down, and what remains is sorely mutilated.

Apart from the historical associations connected with Branksome, it has acquired a classical interest through its being the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of those great poems with which Sir Walter Scott delighted the world when the present century was young. "A single scene," says Scott's biographer and son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, "of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by the pranks of a nondescript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated; but his accidental confinement in the midst of a volunteer camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; and suddenly there flashed on him the idea of extending his simple outline, so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult, and all earnest passions, with which his researches on the minstrelsy had by degrees fed his imagination."

It may be of interest to notice that the substance of the well-known lines with which the poem opens was borrowed from a seventeenth century bard, Captain Scot of Satchells, who wrote a historical poem on "The Name of Scott."

The Barons of Buckleugh, they kept at their call
Four-and-twenty gentlemen in their hall;
All being of his name and kin,
Each two had a servant to wait on them.
Before supper and dinner most renowned,
The bells did ring, and the trumpets sound,
And more than that I do confess
They kept four-and-twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do I blame,
For the pensioners I can all name.

Satchell's lines, however, are of more value as a historical description than as poetry, and certainly fall far short of the stirring, martial style so typical of Sir Walter—

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch, against Southren force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Our knowledge of Branksome dates from the end of the twelfth century. An entry in the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's mentions that "Henry Lovel granted to the canons of St. Andrew's two oxen-gangs of land in Brancuella (Branksome)." The family of Lovel came over at the Conquest from Normandy, and were lords of the Barony of Hawick, which at that time included Branksome. In the first year of the reign of King Robert Bruce the lands of Branksome were divided between Henry Balliol and Walter Comyn; but when Bruce's son, David II., was made prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, in the year 1346, the English took possession of the Borders, and the Lovels petitioned Edward to restore to them their former possessions, which was accordingly done.

In these troublous times no man was sure of long possession of his property; consequently we find Branksome changing hands pretty often. In the reign of James I. we find the Barony of Hawick given by charter to Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, and at the same period the lands of Branksome possessed by Sir John Inglis of Manor. The latter would seem to have been a somewhat peaceably inclined man, to whom the constant raids and inroads of the English were a source of annoyance. To such a degree was this the case that he was prevailed on to exchange half of the lands of Branksome for a corresponding portion of the estate of Murdieston, in Lanarkshire, owned by Robert Scott, lord of Murdieston and Rankleburn. In his notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter Scott says:—"Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries to which he was exposed from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdieston, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd." It will be observed that Sir Walter states that all his lands changed hands at one time, but this, as we shall immediately see, is incorrect.

On the death, in 1426, of Robert Scott, above mentioned, he was succeeded by Walter Scott, of Kirkurd, a man of martial character and ever ready for the fray. He took a prominent part in the suppression of the family of the Black Douglas, and for his great services he was knighted by James II. He also received the other half of the lands of Branksome in exchange for the rest of those of Murdieston; and from this time

(1446) Branxholme Castle became the principal residence of the Scots.

In the year 1463, Branxholme, which had hitherto been included in the Barony of Hawick, was made a separate barony, and a royal charter was given to David Scott and his heirs "on condition of his rendering annually to the Crown one red rose as blench farm at the feast of Saint John the Baptist" (Midsummer).

Sir Walter Scott and his son David were firm allies of their sovereign James III., and in his reign their power and possessions were greatly increased. David Scott married a daughter of the Earl of Angus in 1472, and through this marriage he was made governor of Hermitage Castle, and, in short, petty sovereign of the whole of the Scottish Border. In order to preserve peace, he repaired and strengthened Hermitage, and also enlarged and strengthened Branxholme, "which from this time," says a recent writer, "as one of the principal seats of the important and powerful family of the Scots of Buccleuch, became the centre of many of the exploits which agitated the Borders during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as a place of historical interest."

During the first half of the sixteenth century, "the Scots of Tyvydall" (Teviotdale) made frequent inroads on the English, and it was felt that some retaliation on the part of the latter was necessary. Accordingly, in 1533, the Earl of Northumberland made a raid on Branxholme, and burned it. In a despatch to King Henry VIII., he says:—"They actyvely did set upon a towne called Branxholm, where the Laird of Buclough dwellythe, and purpised theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed maner, in rysyng to all frayes: albeit, that knyghte he was not at home, and so they brent the said Branxholm, and other townes. . . . Sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough unbrynt."

Eleven years later Branxholme again suffered. This time it was at the hands of Sir Brian Latoun and Sir Ralph Evers, who laid waste almost the whole of Teviotdale. They burned the "barmeykin," an outer wall which surrounded the castle, and carried off an immense number of sheep and cattle, with horses and other spoil.

In 1569, Scott of Buccleuch and his neighbour, Ker of Fernihurst, at the head of their followers, made a raid into England and devasted a large portion of the Northern Counties. On hearing of it Queen Elizabeth was furious, and immediately sent the Earl of Sussex and Lord Hunsdon with a large force to retaliate on the Scots. Entering into Scotland, near Wark, they marched by Crailing, Fernihurst, and Bedrule, into Teviotdale, burning and plundering the whole countryside. On reaching Hawick, they found that the inhabitants had set fire to the thatched houses and fled to the hills, leaving the place deserted. "From Hawicke," wrote Sussex to Elizabeth,

"we wente to Bransam, the L. of Buckloughes chefe howse, which we threwe downe with poulder, and burnte all the townes and castells of his friends and kinsmen in those parts." Sussex's lieutenant, Lord Hunsdon, in a letter to Sir W. Cecil on the same subject, is a little more explicit, and shows in what a vindictive and cruel spirit this incursion was conducted. "My L. Lieuta. and I, with seruen bands of horsmen, only went to Branksam, Bunklews prynce pale howse, which we found burnt to owr hand by hymselfe, as cruelly as our selves could have burnt ytt. But my L. Lieut. thynkyng that not suffycyent syndyng one lyttell vaulte (vault) yn ytt whrym was no fyre, he caused powder too be sett, and so blew up the one halfe from the other. Yt was a very strange howse, and well sett; and very pleasant gardens and orchards abowt ytt, and well kept, but all destroyd."

This was the severest blow Branxholme had yet received, for it was now completely demolished. Its owner, however, did not lose heart, but as soon as the English left Scotland, in 1570, began to rebuild the castle. He did not live to see it completed, but died at Hawick in 1574 shortly after making his will, in which he declared that he was "sick in body, but hale in spirit." The building was finished in 1576 by his widow, Margaret Douglas. A stone with the family arms engraved on it bears the following inscription:—"Sir Walter Scott of Branxheim, Knyt, son of Sir William Scott of Kirkard, Knyt, began ye wark upon ye 24 March, 1571, zsir, quha departed at God's plesour ye 17 April, 1574. Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous, completed the foresaid wark in October 157(6)." The stone over the entrance to the castle also bears the names of Walter Scott and Margaret Douglas carved on it, along with the following quaint lines:—

In. waird. is. nocht. Natur. hes. wrought. yt. sal. last. ay. Thairfor. serve. God. Keip. veil. ye. rod. thy. fame. sal. nocht. dekay.

There is little of importance to relate of Branxholme from this period until the beginning of the 17th century. It was then occupied by Walter Scott, second Lord of Buccleuch. In 1619 he was created Earl of Buccleuch and Lord Eskdail, and during his residence at Branxholme it was the scene of great festivities, hospitality, and luxurious revelry, the effect of which was to land the Earl heavily in debt. He went abroad and fought as a volunteer in the Netherlands, and died in London in 1633. "With the death of the first Earl of Buccleuch, the glory of Branxholme may be said to have departed, and literally the 'feast was o'er in Branksome Tower,' for, after the acquisition of Dalkeith, which was purchased during the minority of Francis, the second Earl of Buccleuch, it ceased to be one of the principal family seats."

From the middle of last century it became the residence of the Duke's chamberlains, and is now occupied by the

present holder of that office, Mr. W. Elliott Lockhart, of Cleghorn.

W. E. WILSON.

The Mosstroopers.

III.

THE CHURCH AND THE BORDERERS.



THE clergy scattered over the Border district were not much less vicious and disorderly than the bulk of their flocks. They were not indisposed sometimes to go out and take a prey on their own account, and were at least always ready and willing to connive with their parishioners who did. They had no influence whatever to deter the people from "stouthrift," the scope of their priestly calling being confined to spiritual matters. Bishop Fox, in 1498, had, on informations being taken to him of the great number of robbers who infested these parts, issued his mandate to all the clergy of Tynedale and Redesdale, charging them to visit with the terrors of the greater excommunication all the inhabitants of their several cure who should, excepting against the Scots, presume to go from home armed in a jack and sallet, or knapskull, or other defensive armour; or should ride a horse worth more than six shillings and eightpence; or should wear in any church or churchyard, during the time of divine service, any offensive weapon more than a cubit in length. But it may be taken for granted that the good bishop's well-meant mandate remained a dead letter, as much owing to the average character of the Sir Johns or Mass Johns of the dales to whom it was addressed, as to that of the "lewd men," or laymen of the district, against whom, if disobedient, it was to be put in force; for the prelate elsewhere describes the Redesdale curates (and presumably their brethren of the yet ruder twin dale) as publicly and openly living with concubines, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, interdicted, wholly ignorant of letters, so much so that the priest of ten years' standing did not know how to read the breviary. Some of them, we are told, were nothing more than sham priests, having never been ordained, and these interlopers performed divine service, not only in places dedicated to that purpose, but in such as were unconsecrated and interdicted. The priest and curate of Newcastle are both included (we quote the fact from Mr. Sidney Gibson) in a list of "Border thieves" early in the reign of Elizabeth. In April, 1524, Cardinal Wolsey caused an interdict to be laid on all the churches of Tynedale; and about the same time the Archbishop of Glasgow published, on the Scottish side, an interdict and excommunication against the outlaws of Liddesdale and their harbourers, couched in the strongest possible language. But the Borderers seem to have reverenced neither church nor king; for William Frankelyn, writing to Wolsey in 1524,

tells the cardinal that after he had, in obedience to his grace's letter, caused all the churches to be interdicted, the thieves "temerariously" disobeyed the order, and caused a Scotch friar, notwithstanding the interdict, to minister the communion to them after his fashion. And one of their captains, Hector Charlton, whom tradition identifies with the Charltons of the House of Charlton Burn, ancestors of the Charltons of Redesmouth, received the pensions due, and served them all with wine. For though the mosstroopers in general, and these dalesmen in particular, were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters, deficient in anything like real piety or devotion, and lax in their moral code, most of them would have considered themselves insulted had they been told they were not good Catholics; and it was their habit regularly to tell their beads, and go occasionally to hear mass, and never with more zeal than when setting out on a plundering expedition.

LORD DACRE AND THE THIEVES.

Proclamation was made at Bellingham and elsewhere against giving food to the outlaws, and for keeping their wives and servants from attending markets. Driven thus to extremity, most of them seemed disposed to come to terms, stating that, if their own lives and those of their pledges or hostages given into the hands of the sheriffs were respected and made safe, they would then submit to the king. Only two of them, Gerard Charlton and Hector Charlton, "great captains" among the thieves, resolutely held out. The latter worthy, it would appear, was emboldened to do so through Lord Dacre himself "consorting him in his misdemeanour." For there is documentary evidence still extant to prove that his lordship accepted a present of certain stolen cattle from Hector, with whom he was "familiarly and daily conversant," and that he delivered up to him, to be ordered at his pleasure, two thieves taken in Gilsland, whom Hector afterwards ransomed and suffered to go at large, for twenty nobles of current money, which the thieves' friends had raised amongst them by the sale of goods stolen from the king's true subjects. This being on the face of the record, it is easy to believe that Lord Dacre's severity to thieves of inferior rank in North Tynedale raised against him a host of bitter enemies, from whose accusations he had some difficulty in clearing himself when afterwards tried for his conduct in Westminster Hall.

THE SCOTTISH THIEVES.

On the Scottish side, even greater perversion of the course of justice then prevailed. For there, as an old historian says, "there dared no man strive at law with a Douglas; for if he did, he was sure to get the worst of his lawsuit." The partiality of the Earl of Angus, then all-powerful, for his friends, kinsmen, and adherents, was quite shameful; and although, as the same writer adds, he "travelled through the country under the pretence of punishing thieves, robbers and murderers, there were

no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company."

THE FEUD OF THE SCOTS AND KERS.

Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, a man of great courage and military talent, head of a numerous and powerful clan, and possessed of much influence on the Border, was believed, probably with truth, to have connived at some more than ordinary outrages which had lately taken place in Teviotdale and Liddesdale. On Angus marching southwards to call the thieves to account, he was joined by the clans of Home and Ker, with whom he marched unopposed as far as Jedburgh; but on his return his passage was interrupted by Buccleuch, at the head of a thousand rough Borderers, at Melrose Bridge, and a sharp skirmish took place, in which the Border riders were defeated. About eighty Scots were left dead on the field, as well as several of the Kers; and one of the latter, Ker of Cessford, a chief of the name, having been killed with a lance-thrust by one of the Elliots, a retainer of Buccleuch, it occasioned a deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Ker, which lasted for a full century, and caused much bloodshed. Indeed, it almost seemed at one time as if

While Cessford owned the rule of Carr,
While Ettric held the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Would never, never forgot.

Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" relates, we need scarcely remind our readers, to this remarkable feud.

A RAID INTO THE COUNTY PALATINE.

At times when the Tynedale and Redesdale thieves durst not make a raid into Scotland, owing to the vigilance of the wardens, they never hesitated to pay moonlight visits to the lowland districts of Northumberland, or over the rivers into the bishopric of Durham. In 1528, William Charlton, of Shitlington, and Archibald Dodd, with two Scotsmen, Harry Noble and Roger Armstrong, rode a foray into the latter county. The party, nine in all, advanced to the neighbourhood of Wolsingham, on the 20th of January, seized the parson of Muggleswick in passing, and bore him off a prisoner. On their return they broke into three houses at Pencardside, and robbed and spoiled the gear therein. The country rose in pursuit. Edward Horsley, the bailiff of Hexham, led the fray. The river Tyne happened to be in high flood, so the thieves could not ford it anywhere. They were therefore driven of necessity to the bridge at Haydon, which, however, was barred, chained, and locked fast, so that they could not pass with their horses over the same, but were constrained to leave them behind and flee away afoot. A servant of the Earl of Northumberland, called Thomas Errington, "ruler" of his lordship's tenants in those quarters, pursued them with a sleuth hound, and was joined by divers inhabitants of Tynedale, including another William Charlton, "which forwardness in oppressing malefactors had not been seen afore-

time in Tynedale men." Charlton, of Shitlington, was slain in the pursuit by Thomas Errington; Harry Noble shared the same fate; and Roger Armstrong and Archie Dodd were executed. Charlton's body was hung in chains at Hexham; Noble's on Haydon Bridge; and the other two were treated in the same way at Newcastle and Alnwick. The remaining five outlaws escaped. Noble and Armstrong had in all probability been outlawed from Liddesdale for acts of violence committed in Scotland, and had taken refuge among their English cousins of the same honourable profession, with whom they could quite lovingly hunt in couples. In their own country they would have been liable to be taken and hanged as "broken men," for whom, disowned by their clan, no chief or headsman would be responsible. The old hall of Shitlington was standing till within the last few years on the north side of Blacklaw Burn, in the parish of Wark, and in the near neighbourhood of the extensive wastes formerly known as the Scots' Coltherd Wastes. In the same year in which the Laird of Shitlington Hall was "justified," six other Tynedale thieves were hanged at Alnwick. This seems to have struck terror for a while into the confraternity. At all events, a few years later, the Earl of Northumberland met the "headsmen of the surnames" at Hexham, and took bonds for their good behaviour and that of their retainers.

LUSHBURN HOLES.

It was not in their nature, however, to remain quiet long; and accordingly, in 1536, they were again causing uneasiness. A place called Lushburn (New Lewisburn) Holes, "a marvellous strong ground of woods and waters," a few miles from Keilder, and within a short ride of Larriston Burn Head in Liddesdale, afforded them a refuge into which no king's messenger dare penetrate. Fourteen years later (1550), we read in a Border survey that "the whole country of Northumberland is much given to riot, especially the young gentlemen or head men, and divers also of them to thefts and other greater offences." Even Hexham Market was commonly attended by "a hundred strong Border thieves," who overawed the country people they robbed.

THE DACRES AND OGLES.

In a will made by an inhabitant of Morpeth in 1583, the testator describes himself as dying of the wounds murderously inflicted by four of the Ogle family and their accessories, in consequence of his having presumed to say that the Dacres, then lords of Morpeth, were of as good blood as the Ogles.

"SAUFAY MONEY."

Quite indifferent as the Border thieves were as to whom they laid under contributions, it was difficult to follow them and regain by force the property they had stolen. There were few men of note in all the country who had not made occasional raids into both England and Scotland, and they were at once daring and vigilant, well acquainted with all the by-roads, stealthy and rapid in

their motions. Besides, most of them had their dwellings in places which were naturally difficult of access, and the passes to which they obstructed, when they dreaded pursuit, with the trunks of trees. Therefore, says Sir Robert Bowes, in a report made to the Marquis of Dorset, Warden-General of the Marches, in the fifth year of the reign of Edward VI. (A.D. 1551): "If any True man of England get knowledge of the thieves that steal his goods in Tynedale or Redesdale, he had much rather take a part of his goods again in composition than pursue to the extremity of the law against the thief. For if he be of any great surname or kindred, and be lawfully executed by order of justice, the next of his kin or surname bear as such malice against all that follow the law against their cousin the thief, as though he had unlawfully killed him with a sword, and will by all means they can seek revenge thereupon." On this account, it was a common practice for persons whose cattle had been driven off by the thieves to treat with some of the chiefs of the clan who had committed the theft, and pay them a certain sum, which was called "saufey money," for the restitution of their property. Others agreed to pay the headsmen "black mail," in consideration that the clan they belonged to should not steal anything that pertained to them, and that they should assist them in recovering their property in the event of their being robbed by any other thieves. The exactors or receivers of this black mail or "saufey money" rendered themselves liable to capital punishment, and to pay it was a heinous offence, namely, theft-bote; but as most of the thieves were outlawed already, and the law was really powerless in these districts, all parties probably thought it made little matter to what extent they were theoretically considered accessories.

JAMES V. : PIERRS COCKBURN.

In 1529, James the Fifth of Scotland made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the confusion into which the country had been thrown after the battle of Flodden, had committed many enormities. His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The Earl of Bothwell, Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Kerr of Fairnieshirst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed and frustrated the king's purposes, were seized and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the inland country. James then assembled an army of ten thousand men, consisting of the rest of the nobility and their followers; but he gave it out that the grand object of the expedition was sylvan sport and martial exercise—nothing more. The gentlemen in the wild districts he intended to visit were ordered to bring in their best dogs and favourite hawks, so that the monarch and his train might refresh themselves with hunting and hawking. This was to prevent the Borderers from taking alarm, in which case they would have re-

treated into their mountain fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them. They had no sense of guilt, for they had only been following the habitual bent of their lives. They were not aware, either, that there was any harm in taking the law into their own hands at home, whenever they felt themselves aggrieved; neither had they the least idea that it was wrong to take advantage of the Michaelmas moon by night, or of a Scotch mist by day, to make a raid over the fells or across the Eak. They had consequently no apprehension of the king's displeasure. So thorough, indeed, was their security, that the greatest malefactors amongst them either came out with their followers to swell the royal train, or made ready to entertain James and his courtiers when they should arrive in their neighbourhood. Sweeping through Ettrick Forest, the King of Scots came to Henderland, a pale or tower in the shire of Peebles, belonging to Piers Cockburn, who had never shown any backwardness in helping himself when anything was to be got on either side of the Border. Cockburn was in the act of providing a great entertainment to welcome the king, when James caused him to be suddenly seized and hanged over the gate of his own castle. His wife is said to have fled to the recesses of a wild glen, near the tower, called the Dow Glen, during the execution of her husband, hoping to drown the cries of the soldiery in the roar of the mountain torrent that rushes impetuously through it to join the Meggat and reach St. Mary's Loch. The solitary spot where she sat, close beside a waterfall, is still called the Lady's Seat. In the "Lament of the Border Widow," composed in poor Marjory Cockburn's name, we read how the king brake her bower and slew her knight, while her servants all for life did flee, and left her in extremity. Then she is represented as saying—

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alone;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.
I took his body on my back,
And whyles I gaed and whyles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sward so green.

A large stone, broken into three pieces, marks the place where both husband and wife were buried, in the old graveyard of St. Mary's Chapel. The following inscription is visible on its surface:—"Here lies Perys of Cockburne and his wife Marjory."

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

Adam Scott, of Tushilaw, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border, won in many a daring successful raid, was the next victim of note. But the most famous of all was John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, near Langholme, famous in Scottish song as Johnny Armstrong. This freebooting chief had risen to great consequence, and the whole of that part of Cumberland bordering on Liddesdale and Dumfriesshire paid him black mail, in consideration of which he abstained from

harrying it. He had a high idea of his own importance, as a sort of self-constituted warden of the Western March, and seems to have been quite unconscious of having merited any severe usage at the king's hands. Confiding in his imagined innocence, he went out to meet his sovereign at a place about ten miles from Hawick, called Caerlanrig Chapel, richly draped, and having with him thirty-six gentlemen, his constant retinue, as well attired as himself. The king, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, and he and his retinue were forthwith hanged. The effect of this severity on the part of the king was such that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rash-bush" thenceforth "kept the cow." "Thereafter," as Pitscottie tells us, "was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep grazing in the Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good account as if they had been grazing in the bounds of Fife."

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FENCIBLES.

In the year 1538, a muster of all the fencible inhabitants of Northumberland was instituted, by order of Henry VIII. The burgesses of Newcastle, all armed in plate and mail, with bows, bills, and battle-axes, were assembled by their aldermen on the Town Moor: and the population of the landward part of the county was called together in the various wards by the principal gentlemen of each district, vested with the king's commission. In the musters of Sir Raynold Carnaby and Sir Cuthbert Radcliffe, held on Aberwick Moor, Ruberslaw, and other convenient places, there were hard upon six hundred Redesdale and North Tynedale "thieves," all "able men, with horse, harness, and spears," besides all the "foot thieves" of the same valleys. We may be sure they would not have presented themselves on this occasion for the king's service, had they not beforehand received trustworthy assurances that bygones would be bygones. Their hardihood otherwise would have been about equal to that of Johnny Armstrong himself, since they had always been quite as prone when they had the chance to plunder their own countrymen as "the blue bonnets over the Border."

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Henry Evers, Teacher of Science.



MEMBER of the Newcastle Town Council, the author of "Steam and the Steam Engine," and the head master of the Elswick Science Classes, Mr. Henry Evers, whose portrait is here engraved, has been described in *Science and Art* as "one of the pioneers of science teaching."

Mr. Evers was born in 1830 at Amblecote, Stafford-

shire, near Stourbridge, and received his early education at the Oldswinford Hospital, adjoining the latter town. At the age of nineteen he entered the Cheltenham Training College, then lately established by the influence of the Rev. Francis Close, Incumbent of Cheltenham, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. During the two years of his stay at Cheltenham under Dr. Bromby, afterwards Bishop of Tasmania, he saw the foundation of the Training College laid, and the whole completed, being among those then in residence who entered into the new buildings in 1850. On leaving Cheltenham, Mr. Evers was appointed to St. Sepulchre's Schools, Northampton, where he remained for two years, and then removed to Plymouth, where, for twenty years or more,



he was the head-master of the Charles Boys' School, the largest Church of England School in the West of England in those days. About 1865, science classes were first commenced in Plymouth, and Mr. Evers at once took the position of leading science teacher.

Appointed to the head-mastership of the Elswick Mechanics' Institute Science Classes about 1876, Mr. Evers was eminently successful from the very commencement. A very large number of honours students have passed through these schools, with a very fair proportion of Whitworth Scholars. Last year, for instance, was a year of great achievements: two out of the four Whitworth Scholarships were awarded to Elswick students—Mr. Reginald T. Smith, now of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Mr. John Harbottle, now of Owens' College, Manchester.

Mr. Evers is at present engaged in producing the "Elswick Science Series," for which he has written "Trigonometry (Practical and Theoretical)," and "Steam

and other Prime Movers." The respect and honour in which he is held at Newcastle is shown by his election for one of the Elswick Wards as a Town Councillor. As an author, Mr. Evers's work stands out in a marked manner, and competent authorities declare that his book on "Steam and the Steam Engine" is "an absolute addition to the literature of mechanical science."

Brislee Tower, Alnwick.

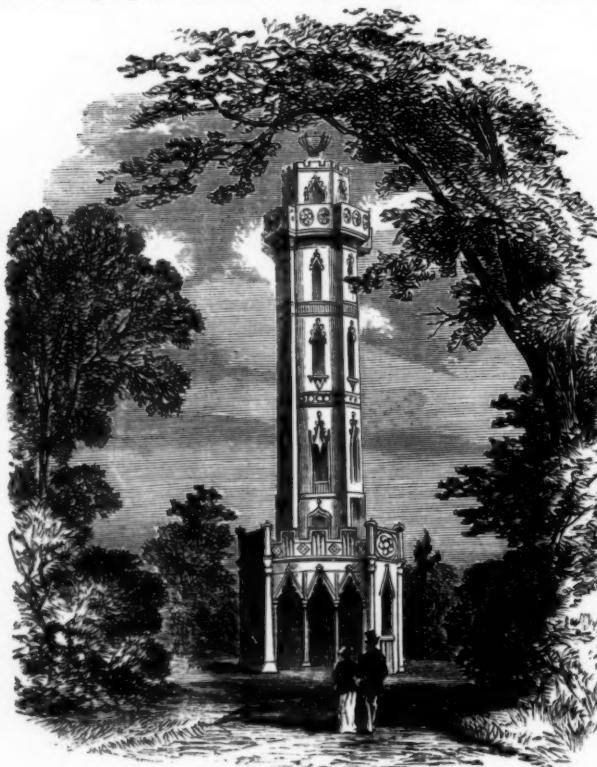
WHEN journeying between Morpeth and Belford, one of the most prominent landmarks seen from the railway, from almost every point of view, is Brislee, or Brislaw, Tower. This is a highly ornamented structure in the form of a column, divided by string-courses and mouldings into six stages, standing on a heather-clad mount adjoining the deer-park at Alnwick or Huine Park, which mount is 583 feet above the sea level.

The column at its base has an arcaded portico running all round it, which forms a pleasant shelter below; and on the flat roof of it a wide balcony with a handsome open-work stone parapet, which makes an agreeable break in

the ascent for those who step out on to it. As the summit of the mount is thickly planted with pine trees, there is not a good view of the surrounding country from this elevation, and visitors generally decide to continue the ascent to a second and smaller balcony nearer to the top of the column. This second balcony, as the illustration will indicate, also passes all the way round the column, and is likewise furnished with an elaborately open-worked parapet. The tower finishes with an embattled cornice, and on the top of it is placed an open iron brazier for a beacon fire, at a height of 90 feet from the ground. It was built by Hugh, the first Duke of Northumberland. Near a medallion portrait of this nobleman on the face of the tower, is cut the following inscription:—"CIRUM-
SPICE. EGO OMNIA ISTA SUM DIMENSUS. MEI SUNT ORDINES.
MEA DESCRIPTIO. MULTAE ETIAM ISTARUM ARBORUM MEA
MANU SUNT RATE." (Look around. I have measured all these things. They are my orders. My planning. Many of these trees I have even planted with my own hand.)

The prospect from the upper balcony of this tower is one of the most varied, beautiful, and interesting in the country. Close at the foot of it is a sea of heather; just below lies Hulne Abbey; and an arrovy silvery thread passing through low green banks is the river Alne. Close at the foot, too, is a keeper's pleasant-looking cottage, and the spot where Sir James Smith made his observations of the annular eclipse in 1836. On a clear day, looking farther, Flodden field can be distinguished, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed in the great battle; Bamborough Castle, probably the Garde Joyeuse to which Sir Launcelot brought Queen Guinever when he rescued her from the burning at Carlisle; Dunstanborough Castle, that played such an important part in the Wars of the Roses; Alnwick Castle, not only the residence of the De Vescies and Percies, but on occasion of King John, Henry the Third, Edward the First, Edward the Second, and Edward the Third; Heaforlawe Tower, one of the possessions of the abbots of Alnwick Abbey; Warkworth Castle, Coquet Island, Alnmouth, the Farne Islands, the scene of Grace Darling's bravery and benevolence, the peaceful vale of Whittingham, the pleasant village of Eglingham, the great Cheviot range; and between these leading features a sweep of country and rocky coast associated with the most romantic traditions of the North Country. On very clear days the hills of Teviotdale, forty miles away, are visible.

On the mount, among the abundant ferns



BRISLEE TOWER, ALNWICK.

and mosses grow large quantities of the pretty white *Trientalis Europaeus*, and masses of rhododendrons find a congenial soil. Bluberries are also very abundant, as well as brilliant hued fungi. About half-way up the mount, a road branching eastwards leads to a cavern in a low sandstone cliff, known by the curious name of the Nine Year Aud Hole. Not very far from this is a tall, slender monolith, called the Long-stone, which is probably a relic of pre-historic times.

Messrs. Parson and White wrote in their gazetteer, in 1827, that Brislee Tower was said to have been erected from a model made of pastry by a French cook. Looking at its exact correspondence with all the work designed by the architect of the first Duke of Northumberland, and remembering the elaborate devices with which it was the fashion to adorn the banquet-tables in his day, it is much more probable that the French cook made a model of the tower after it was erected, to please his noble employer and grace some great entertainment.

SARAH WILSON.

St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle.

ONE of the architectural adornments of West Jesmond, Newcastle, is St. George's Church, whose lofty campanile tower is a conspicuous feature in the surrounding landscape. This important addition to the list of local places of worship was the gift of Mr. Charles Mitchell to the Church of England, that gentleman having provided everything, from the site to the hymn books. St. George's Church, an extension from Jesmond Church, is the nucleus of a new parish, of which the Rev. S. E. Pennefather is the vicar. To Mr. Pennefather we are indebted for the loan of the accompanying engraving of the interior of the sacred edifice. From this drawing a fair idea may be gained of the great beauty of the eastward view. The first object that will strike the attention is the noble stained-glass window which, when flooded with the light of the sun, is a glorious sight indeed. The figures, which represent the Birth of Our Lord, the Magi, and the Shepherds, were designed by Mr. John W. Brown, a native of Newcastle, now of Church Street, Stoke Newington, London, who was also responsible for the design and execution of the west window. The altar and reredos are made of the famous Pavonazza marble. The two top steps of the sanctuary are of the same material, the third step being of rouge

jasper, and the fourth and fifth of the finest Sienna marble. The dado is formed of dark English marble, surmounted with specially designed emblematical tiles. Above the reredos there is some fine stone work, besides three figures in mosaic, one of Our Lord, the others arch angels, the whole terminating in a cross. As may be seen from the engraving, the general aspect of the church from the west end is at once rich and chaste. St. George's was erected from designs by Mr. T. R. Spence, formerly of Newcastle, but now residing in London. (For view of exterior of the church, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 527.)

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Elliott,

SURGEON AND PHILANTHROPIST.



T the beginning of the present century everybody in Newcastle knew Dr. Elliott, gratuitous adviser of the indigent sick, benevolent friend of the aged poor, and earnest promoter of a medical charity that, in a quiet and



unobtrusive way, has done, and is still doing, useful work amongst us.

Lineally descended from the Elliotts of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire, the philanthropic doctor was born at Haydon Bridge in the year 1759. Completing his education in the Free Grammar School of his native village, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Marines from his uncle, General Elliott, and entered the service of his country. He accompanied his regiment to America, where Lord Cornwallis was vainly trying to reduce the revolted colonists to obedience, and, being severely wounded, was placed upon half pay, which practically meant retirement from the active pursuit of his profession. Unwilling to lead an inactive life, and having gained a knowledge of surgery while on duty, he determined to become a doctor. With this object in view he entered the University of Edinburgh, walked the hospitals, obtained his diploma, and, in 1792, commenced life anew as a surgeon. He selected Wolsingham, in the county of Durham, as a suitable place for his first experiments in doctoring; but, after five years' residence there, he was encouraged to remove to Newcastle. His practice in the town at first was naturally small; in a short time it began to grow; by-and-by it became extensive, and assumed a varied character. Rich and poor alike sought his aid; in Saville Row equally with Sandgate his services were put into requisition. The greater part of his work lay by choice among the indigent. Devoting to them the best share of his time and his means, he did not attain to riches; he was content to be rewarded by the grateful *soubriquet* of "The Poor Man's Doctor."

Among Mr. Elliott's professional appointments in Newcastle was one that suited his benevolent temperament—that of surgeon to the Lying-in Hospital. This institution had been started as an experiment, about the close of the year 1760, in an old dwelling-house situated in Rosemary Lane. It was a poor concern, in an confined neighbourhood, and there seemed to be no prospect of improving its position till Doctor Elliott took the matter in hand. He devised a new departure in charitable enterprise. On New Year's Day, 1819, by special letter to the trustees of the hospital, he pointed out the imperative need of a newer institution, established upon a wider basis, and as proof of his practical sympathy with the movement he enclosed a five pound note. The plan was successful. "Elliott's Fund" became popular. The clergy preached for it, philosophers lectured for it, musical amateurs sang for it. In course of time a sum of £1,300 was collected, and then the trustees found themselves able to contemplate seriously the construction of a building that should be worthy of the charity and of the town. A piece of ground in New Bridge Street, which had been declined by the Literary and Philosophical Society as a site for their new library, became available; the Corporation gave it

to the charity; benevolent John Dobson the architect drew plans and specifications gratuitously; and thus the convenient edifice which stands at the north end of Croft Street, facing the Public Library, rose from its foundations. Unhappily, the liberal-hearted doctor did not live to see the full realization of his hopes. He died in 1824, before the building was completed. But in the great window which overhangs the main entrance to the hospital, a glowing coat of arms preserves the memory of his benevolence, and bears perpetual witness to the success of "Elliott's Fund."

James Ellis,

A POETICAL ATTORNEY.

James Ellis was a native of Hexham, in which place his father was town sergeant. He was born in or about the year 1763, and at the proper time was put to the law in the office of William Hunter, a Hexham solicitor. Before his articles had run their course, Mr. Hunter died, and in the beginning of 1783 he was turned over to the Messrs. Davidson, of Newcastle. These gentlemen had received from their father, who was a well-known public official, an admirable legal training, and their business was of an extensive and diversified character. In their office Mr. Ellis had for his fellow-clerks two young men of literary pretensions—Thomas Bedingfeld [see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 197] and George Pickering. Forsaking the madcap diversions common to the period, the trio occupied their spare hours in reading poetry, in making rhymes, in criticism, in discussion, and in other pursuits tending to mental culture. Towards these mild delights the Messrs. Davidson were themselves inclined, for they, too, had literary aspirations. It must have been a phenomenal lawyer's office in which the heads of the firm and the three youths who helped to carry on the business were alike imbued with literary tastes—each of the former able to discuss the latest book or the newest poem; each of the latter ready at any time to imitate the lawyer's clerk

Who penned a stanza when he should engross.

Placed on the rolls as an attorney, Mr. Ellis settled at Hexham; but, finding that there was no room for an addition to the list of lawyers in his native town, he returned to Newcastle, and practised for a number of years with considerable success. While so engaged, he purchased, in conjunction with one of his former employers, Mr. John Davidson, a portion of the Otterburn Estate. The mansion house, called Otterburn Castle, fell to his lot, and he made it his home. When he gave up his practice in Newcastle, he retired to Otterburn, and there, engaged in various literary and antiquarian pursuits, he spent the remainder of his life.

One of the "Tracts" published by the "Newcastle Typographical Society" for Mr. John Fenwick consists of letters which passed between Mr. Ellis and Walter

(afterwards Sir Walter) Scott. Mr. Ellis had observed two or three errors in the "Battle of Otterbourne"—one of the ballads quoted by Scott in the "Border Minstrelsy," and in February, 1812, he courteously communicated with the author, pointing out the mistakes. Scott replied in the same spirit, and a few months later, on his way to visit Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, he brought Mrs. Scott and their two children to Otterburn Castle, and remained with Mr. Ellis all night. Next day Mr. Ellis accompanied him to Risingham, showed him the rudely-sculptured figure of Robin, the Roman antiquities, &c., and had the reward of seeing later on, when the poem of Rokeby appeared, how ingeniously the poet had weaved the morning's occurrences into his narrative:—

And near the spot that gave me name,
The monted mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone:
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

In 1815, Mr. Ellis issued a volume of 182 pages, entitled "Poetry, Fugitive and Original, by the late Thomas Bedingfeld, Esq., and Mr. George Pickering, with notes and some additional pieces. By a Friend. Newcastle: S. Hodgson." The book, which is dedicated to "Walter Scott, Esquire," to whom it "in a great measure owed its existence," contains ten effusions of Mr. Bedingfeld's, nineteen of Mr. Pickering's, followed by a joint production, and ending with a dozen "Trifles" from the pen of the editor.

Jeffrey Ekins, B.D.,

DEAN OF CARLISLE AND RECTOR OF MORPETH.

The family of Ekins held Church preferments in various parts of England during many generations. The living of Barton Seagrave, in Northamptonshire, belonged to them, and in the rectory house of that parish, in 1730, the subject of this sketch was born. Destined for the Church, he matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in classical literature, and taking his Bachelor's degree in 1755, proceeded to that of Master in 1758. His first preferment came to him in 1764, in which year he obtained the living of Quainton, in Buckinghamshire—a pleasant rural village, overlooking the wide and fertile vale of Aylesbury. The following year he married Anne, daughter of Philip Baker, Deputy Secretary-at-War, and settling down at Quainton Rectory, added to pastoral life and parochial administration the cultivation of the poetic Muse. Six years after his marriage he published in quarto "The Loves of Medea and Jason," a poem in three books, translated from the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius' "Argonauts." This work was well received among scholars, and ran into a second edition. Among other patrons of literature and art who were captivated by its soft and melodious cadences was Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and his lordship's

appreciation led to happy results for the author. For in 1775, upon the death of Oliver Naylor, Rector of Morpeth, he received from his noble admirer an offer of that valuable living. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Ekins, exchanging the mild and balmy neighbourhood of the Chilterns for the robuster climate of Northumberland, came to Morpeth to reside.

In the North, Mr. Ekins's poetical genius and polished manners rapidly brought around him appreciative friends. His scholarship commended him to that judicious and far-seeing prelate Bishop Egerton, who, in 1777, two years after his arrival at Morpeth, made him an offer of the living of Sedgefield. Plurality of livings being common in those days, for nobody ventured to dispute the rights of patrons to dispose of Church preferments as they pleased, and to whom they pleased, Mr. Ekins availed himself of the proffered honour, with its substantial emoluments, and, residing at Morpeth, discharged the duties of Sedgefield by deputy. In 1780, his friend and patron, Lord Carlisle, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, made him his chaplain, and he accompanied that nobleman to Dublin Castle. Lord Carlisle's occupancy of the Lord-Lieutenancy lasted two years, and towards the close of it Mr. Ekins was selected to fill the episcopal chair of Dromore. But the honour of being an Irish bishop was not to his taste. He declined to wear a mitre, and was allowed to bargain it away for a position more congenial to his habits. Dr. Percy, Dean of Carlisle, the industrious collector of ballad poetry, was willing to take the post, and an arrangement was made by which Dr. Percy became Bishop of Dromore and Mr. Ekins became Dean of Carlisle, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

These changes made but little alteration in Mr. Ekins's connection with the diocese of Durham. He retained both Morpeth and Sedgefield, and when not in residence at Carlisle made the Rectory House on the banks of the Wansbeck his home. There he composed elegant poetic epistles, and wrote about philosophy, literature, and divinity to his friends, Archdeacon Paley, Bishop Law, and other notable clerics of his time. Unfortunately, but few of these charming effusions have been preserved. One of them, mentioned more than once by Hodgson in the "History of Northumberland," is printed by Dr. Raine in his life of that eminent historian. It is an ode in hexameter and pentameter verse, and is said to be an admirable specimen of chaste and refined Latinity.

After his death, which occurred while on a visit to London in 1791, his "Jason and Medea" was re-issued with several of his poetical effusions attached, and distributed as a souvenir among his literary friends.

Dr. Ekins was succeeded at Morpeth by his son, Frederick Ekins, M.A., who married Jane Ogle, daughter and co-heir of James Tyler, of Whalton, land-steward to the Duke of Portland, and by her had an only son and three daughters. The son, named after his grandfather,

Jeffrey, was a fellow of New College, Oxford, Dean of Civil Law, and Bursar in 1836-37, and Rector of Little Sampford, Essex, from 1831 till his death in 1872. The eldest daughter, Caroline Isabella, married John Lambton (afterwards Sir John Lambton) Loraine, Bart., and dying in 1847, was buried in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle, leaving issue the present holder of the title, Sir Lambton Loraine, Bart.

William Elstob,

SAXON SCHOLAR.

At Foxton, three miles south of Sedgefield, lived for centuries a family of Elstobs. Deriving their name from an adjoining hamlet, they held at one time nearly the whole of the property of the vill. The family pedigree commences with John de Ellestobbe, who was living at Foxton in 1393, and comes down to the sale of the estate in 1746 by Anne, daughter of John Elstob of that place, and widow of Humphrey March, son of John March, vicar of Newcastle. None of the earlier members of the family played any prominent part in local history, nor does public interest attach to later generations, till Ralph Elstob, a younger son of one of the Foxton squires, settling in Newcastle, gave to the world two brilliant scholars, who immortalised the name by laborious investigations into a neglected branch of learning—the language and literature of the Saxons.

Ralph Elstob (second son of Charles Elstob, of Foxton, by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Ralph Featherstonehaugh, of Stanhope), came to Newcastle in 1662, and was bound apprentice to Robert Rutter, Merchant Adventurer. With him he remained only a few months, and was then set over to Gabriel Fulthorpe, hero of a notable quarrel, the unsavoury details of which are printed in Richardson's Tract, "The Eve of the Revolution in Newcastle." Fulthorpe, like Rutter, was unable to fulfil his contract, and in 1666 Elstob was turned over to Peter Sanderson, an eminent Puritan, who had served his time as a youth with John Blakiston the regicide. Under Sanderson's tuition he completed his articles and in April, 1672, obtained the freedom of his company. Six months afterwards he married, at All Saints' Church, Jane, daughter of William Hall, merchant, and commenced business on his own account. Brief and not too successful was his mercantile career. He filled the office of sheriff of the town in 1686-7, and the following year (13th April, 1688), he was buried, leaving a widow and three children with but slender provision for their maintenance. Two of these children, William and Elizabeth, were the future Saxon scholars.

William Elstob was baptized at All Saints' Church, Newcastle, on the 1st of January, 1673-4, and received his preliminary education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the tuition of Richard Garthwaite. His uncle and guardian, Dr. Charles Elstob, prebendary of Canterbury, designing him for the Church, sent him to

Eton, and afterwards to Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and Queen's College, Oxford. In July, 1790, he entered University College, and having taken his B.A. degree, was elected a fellow of that ancient foundation. The following year he proceeded to the degree of M.A., and in 1702, through the influence of his uncle, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury presented him to the care of the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, in the City of London, worth about £140 per annum. To Bush Lane, adjoining the church of St. Swithin, taking his sister Elizabeth to be his housekeeper, he removed the same year. Dissatisfied with the meagre provision which had been made for him, he endeavoured unsuccessfully to gain promotion. All that he obtained was the titular office of chaplain to Bishop Nicolson of Carlisle. The post of preacher at Lincoln's Inn, which he had been anxious to receive, was refused him, and he did not long outlive his disappointment. He applied for the preachership in February, 1713, and on March 3, 1714-15, he died. His remains were interred beneath the altar table of St. Swithin's.

Mr. Elstob's literary career, as described by his sister, was remarkable. His first attempt in Saxon literature was a Latin translation of the Homily of Lopus, made while at college. He wrote about the same time an "Essay on the Great Affinity and Mutual Agreement of the two professions of Divinity and Law, and on the joint Interest of Church and State, in Vindication of the Clergy's concerning themselves in Political Matters." Before he left Oxford, he printed, with large additions, an edition (the fifth) of Roger Ascham's Epistles; to which he subjoined the letters which Johan Sturmius, Hieron Osorio, and others wrote to Ascham and various English gentlemen. Soon after he was settled in his benefice at London, he published "A Sermon upon the Thanksgiving for the Victory obtained by Her Majesty's Forces, and those of her Allies, over the French and Bavarians near Hochstet, under the conduct of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. London: 1704." Also, "A Sermon on the Anniversary Thanksgiving for Her Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne. London: 1704."

In 1709, his Latin version of the Saxon Homily on St. Gregory's Day, which he presented to his sister in a short Latin epistle, was printed at the end of her fine edition of the Saxon original. Next he published the larger Devotions that the Saxons made use of in their own language, which he fancied to be the performance either of *Ælfric*, Archbishop of Canterbury, or of *Wolfstan*, Archbishop of York. He made a collection of materials towards a history of Newcastle, gathered together a vast number of proper names of men and women formerly used in northern countries, and wrote an essay concerning the Latin tongue, with a short account of its history and use. The most considerable of Mr. Elstob's designs was an edition of the Saxon Laws, with great additions, and

a new Latin version by Somner, notes of various learned men, and a prefatory history of the origin and progress of the English Laws down to the Conqueror, and to Magna Charta. He was prevented by death from realising another project, which was to publish King *Ælfred's* paraphrastic Saxon version of the Latin historian Orosius.

William Elstob, his sister assures us, was a most dutiful son to his parents, "affectionate to his relations, a most sincere friend, very charitable to the poor, a kind master to his servants, and generous to all, which was his greatest fault. He was of so sweet a temper that hardly anything could make him show his resentment, but when anything was said or done to the prejudice of religion, or disadvantage of his country. He had what might justly be called an universal genius, no art or science being despised by him; he had a particular genius for languages, and was a master of the Greek and Latin. Of the latter he was esteemed a good judge, and to write it with great purity. Nor was he ignorant either of the Oriental languages, or of the Septentrional. He was a great lover of the antiquities of other countries, but more especially those of our own, having been at the pains and expense of visiting most of the places in this nation that are remarkable either for natural or ancient curiosities, architecture, paintings, sculpture, &c. What time he could spare from the study of divinity was spent chiefly in the Saxon learning."

Elizabeth Elstob,

THE LEARNED NOVOCASTRIAN.

Elizabeth, sister and companion of William Elstob, survived him for many years. She was ten years his junior, having been born on the 29th September, 1683, and baptized at St. Nicholas' Church on the 7th of October following. A biographical MS. left in the hands of Mr. Ballard by this learned lady indicates that she owed much of her taste for literature to the early training of her mother. Unhappily the good mother died when Elizabeth was eight years old, and her progress in learning was arrested. Her uncle and guardian, Dr. Charles Elstob, entertained the old-fashioned theory that one tongue was enough for a woman, and refused to allow his niece to study any tongue but her own. The force of natural inclination cannot, however, always be restrained even by guardians. Elizabeth Elstob persevered, and as her propensity was strong towards languages, she, with much difficulty, obtained leave to learn the French tongue. But her situation in this respect was happily altered when she went to live with her brother, who, being impressed with more liberal sentiments concerning the education of women, assisted and encouraged her in her studies. Under his eye she translated and published an "Essay on Glory," written in French by Mademoiselle de Scudery. But what distinguished Miss Elstob most was that she was the first Englishwoman that had ever attempted the Saxon

language. She was an excellent linguist in other respects, being not only mistress of her own and the Latin tongue, but also of seven other languages. She was withal a good antiquary and divine, as appears evident from her works.

Miss Elstob published, in 1709, "An English-Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon Church, giving an account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity, translated into Modern English, with Notes," &c. It is a pompous book, in large octavo, with a fine frontispiece, headpieces, tailpieces, and blooming letters. In 1715, she printed, with a fulsome dedication to the Princess of Wales, "The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue, first given in English; with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities, being very useful towards the understanding our ancient English Poets



Elizabeth Elstob.

and other Writers." From this work, at the beginning of which it peers through the initial letter "G," our portrait of Elizabeth Elstob has been copied.

Mr. Astle had in his collection a MS. volume, chiefly in her handwriting, but partly in that of her brother, entitled, "Collectanea quædam Anglo-Saxonica." It appears also, from a work of her brother's, that she had joined with him in preparing and adorning an edition of Gregory's *Pastoral*; and in the preface to the Anglo-Saxon Grammar, she speaks of a work of larger extent upon which she was engaged—a collection of the English-Saxon Homilies of *Ælfric*, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Notwithstanding her profound learning and masculine abilities, Elizabeth Elstob was very unfortunate in life. After the death of her brother, she was obliged to depend upon her friends for subsistence; but, not meeting with

the generosity she expected, she determined to retire to a place unknown, and to try to get her bread by teaching children to read and work; and she settled for that purpose at Evesham, in Worcestershire. Here she led at first an uncomfortable and penurious life; but, growing acquainted afterwards with the gentry of the town, her affairs mended. She became known at this time to Mr. George Ballard, before mentioned; and about the year 1733, Mrs. Chapone, the wife of a clergyman of French extraction, who kept a private boarding-school at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, and was herself a person of literature, inquired of him after her, and, being informed of the place of her abode, made her a visit.

Mrs. Chapone, not being in circumstances to assist herself, wrote a circular letter to some friends, in order to promote a subscription in her behalf. This letter had the desired effect, and an annuity of twenty guineas was raised for her. A lady soon after showed Mrs. Chapone's letter to Queen Caroline, who, recollecting her name, and delighted with the opportunity of taking such eminent merit under her protection, said she would allow her £20 per annum, "but," added she, "as she is so proper to be mistress of a boarding-school for young ladies of a higher rank, I will, instead of an annual allowance, send her £100 now, and repeat the same at the end of every five years."

On the death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, Elizabeth Elstob was recommended to the Dowager Duchess of Portland, who appointed her governess to her children. This was in the year 1739, and from that period the letters she wrote to Mr. Ballard, which are now in the Bodleian Library, are observed to have a more sprightly turn. She died at an advanced age, in the Duchess of Portland's service, May 30, 1756, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

friend of Jonson and Selden, and Shakspeare himself has been enumerated amongst his acquaintances. He became Poet Laureate, died in 1631, and was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, where a blue marble monument, surmounted by his bust, bears an epitaph from the pen of Ben Jonson.

Drayton's poetry has its merits. It is free from the coarseness which characterized much of the literary work of his age. One of his contemporaries says of him:—“He wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well at a tavern, or domineer in a pothouse.” And the vulgarity which did not disgrace his life does not disgrace his verses. There is a certain dignity, too, about much that he wrote, though it must be confessed to be of a heavy, stilted, and formal character. Many fine passages may easily be selected from his works, and one at least of his poems, his “Nymphidia,” displays a sprightly imagination and considerable brilliance of versification. It must, however, be confessed that he is generally ponderous and turgid, and this, together with his voluminousness, results in his having extremely few readers in our day.

But it is with the “Poly-olbion” that we are now concerned. The first eighteen books of this work were published in 1621, and the whole thirty books in 1622. It is a versified description of England, its natural productions, scenery, and legends. The “Poly-olbion” is a work of the greatest possible value. Antiquaries refer to it for information, and regard it as authoritative. Gough says that it contains many particulars which escaped Camden's notice. It is, however, scarcely an attractive composition, and I must own I cannot imagine any one sitting down to read it for relaxation or pleasure. The writer personifies every river, mountain, and wood that he describes, and this practice soon becomes unendurably tedious.

Such account as Drayton gives of the counties of Durham and Northumberland is contained in the twenty-ninth book—the last but one. The Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne are successively personified, and in turn the poet puts into their mouths the most egotistic speeches on their own peculiar charms and virtues. The Tees begins her song with a contemptuous sneer at the rivers of Yorkshire. She exclaims,

Doth every rillet win
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a queen,
With those poor brooks compared?

She then describes her source, and after mentioning the tributaries by which she is fed, she proceeds—

Then do I bid adieu
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court. But as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid; and, being proud and rank,
She chanced to look aside, and spieh, near her bank,
Three black and horrid pits, which from their boiling heat
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sulphurous
sweat)
Hell Kettles rightly called, that, with the very sight,

Drayton's Description of the Northern Counties.

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in the village of Harshull, Warwickshire, in or about the year 1563. His parents are believed to have been persons in humble circumstances. Nothing is known of his youth except that he manifested a propensity to read poetry, and was anxious to learn “what kind of creatures poets were.” It is supposed that he spent some time at Oxford, but without taking any degree. At the age of twenty-eight he began to publish poetry. His earliest efforts were of a religious character. The three works by which he is best known are his “Pastorals,” “England's Heroical Epistles,” and his “Poly-olbion.” He enjoyed great renown in his own day, and his verses called forth from his contemporaries the warmest encomiums. He is said to have been the

This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a fright,
That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widened waist.
In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.

The Wear grows impatient at the length of Queen Tees's harangue, and is annoyed at her vanity. "What wouldest thou say," she cries,

Vain-glorious bragging brook, hast thou so clear a way
To advance thee as I have, or hast thou such means and
might,
How wouldest thou then exult? O, then, to what a height
Wouldest thou put up thy price!

Wear glories in the three streams which join to form her earliest course, and which "in their consenting sounds"—Kellop, Wellop, and Burdop—"do so well agree."

As Kellop coming in from Kellop Law, her sire,
A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth require
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.
Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs
My greatness is begot, as Nature meant to show
My future strength and state.

The valley through which her course lies she describes as
My delicious dale, with every pleasure rife.

At Auckland she is joined by "clear Gauntless," when, she declares:—

I begin to gad,
And, whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre;
To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire,
Then suddenly again I turn my watery trail;
Now I indent the earth, and then I engrail
With many a turn and trace.

At length she reaches Durham—

With which beloved place I seem so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win
Me farther off from it.

Tyne is as tired of Wear's tedium as Wear was with the length of Tees's self-sung eulogy; yet, and perhaps characteristically, her own song is five times as long as that of either of her sisters.

Good Lord (quoth she), had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set myself, how much well could I say
In mine own proper praise, in this kind, everyway
As skilful as the best.

She sings the praise, however, of "the prosperous springs of these two floods of mine"—the North Tyne and the South. The South Tyne

From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of brass that's famed.

The North Tyne

is out of Wheel-Fell sprung,
Amongst these English Alps, which, as they run along,
England and Scotland here impartially divide.

The East and West Allans she described as "two fair and full-brimmed floods." Arriving at Newcastle, she somewhat enigmatically declares that that town

The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
As of those mighty ships that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle named,
From which both far and near, that place no less is famed.
Than India for her mines.

Presently, Mistress Tyne breaks into a glorification of the deeds of English valour in general, and Northumbrian in particular, in the various conflicts between England and Scotland, which had been waged in the Northern Counties. The story is well told, but is not to our present purpose, and can, besides, be found readily elsewhere and in more desirable form. Indeed, our coaly river having taken up this congenial theme, pursues it to such length that neighbouring streams "besought the Tyne to hold her tongue."

The Roman Wall, called by Drayton "Pictewall," is the next and last singer. He,

As though he had been lost,
Not mentioned by the Muse, began to fret and pine
That every pretty brook thus proudly should presume
To talk, and he, whom first the Romans did invent,
And of their greatness yet the long'st lived monument,
Should thus be over-trod.

He is determined to be heard, and thus he breaks forth:—

Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should not dare
To think himself my match, who, with such cost and care,
The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the prowling Pict to let,
That often inroads made our earth from them to win,
By Hadrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun we first a wall
Of eighty miles in length.

Whilst Pict's Wall has been speaking, the fame of Tyne's self-laudatory speech has reached the streams of Scotland, and so incensed are they that they determine upon an invasion, when the river nymphs of Northumberland shall be duly punished. A council of war is summoned at Holy Island to which the Northumbrian water-nymphs make "a solemn pilgrimage"—

the virtues of which place
They knew could very much avail them in this case.

With an enumeration of the streams which resorted to this council Drayton concludes the book of "Poly-olbion" which is devoted to Northumberland and Durham.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

"The Sanctuary."



MONG the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy this year was a painting, entitled

"The Sanctuary," by the Newcastle artist, Mr. Ralph Hedley. It is a successful attempt to depict what may have been a not unusual scene at the great door of Durham Cathedral some three or four centuries ago. The reader is referred to the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, 1889, for particulars as to sanctuary at Durham. It is there stated that when the claimant of sanctuary reached the cathedral door he raised the bronze ring that hangs from the bronze monster's mouth, and knocked loudly for admission. This is the dramatic incident which Mr. Hedley has portrayed. Some rash,

hot-headed, beardless youth has, probably in a moment of anger, taken the life of a fellow-creature, and, realising the possible consequences of such an act, has hastened with all speed to Durham to claim the temporary protection of the Church. The friends of his victim have

evidently been close upon his heels, if one may judge from his broken blade and bloody sword arm. Exhausted, breathless, and terror-stricken, he has just sufficient strength to raise his left arm to the knocker. But he is not quite out of danger, and the sound of voices almost



The Sanctuary.

From Painting
by Ralph Hedley.

paralyses him. The scene is bathed in tender moonlight, and the general effect is striking, as the reader may see from our drawing of the picture.

Gateshead School.

ESTABLISHED by the Gateshead High School for Boys Company to supply the rising manhood of the Tyneside district with a high-class education, this school was opened to the public in May, 1883. The idea of the promoters is not merely to supply intellectual training, but to cultivate a feeling of corporatehood, or citizenship, which is one of the most distinctive and excellent features of life in the old English public schools.

The school buildings (shown in the accompanying engraving) occupy an admirable site on the Durham Road, near Saltwell Park, and overlooking Ravensworth Castle. Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, designed the structure, which is well adapted for school purposes. The school contains a large hall (capable of holding more than 300 boys, and fitted for use as a gymnasium), class rooms, library, dining-room, workshop, &c., while the playground is no less than seven acres in extent.

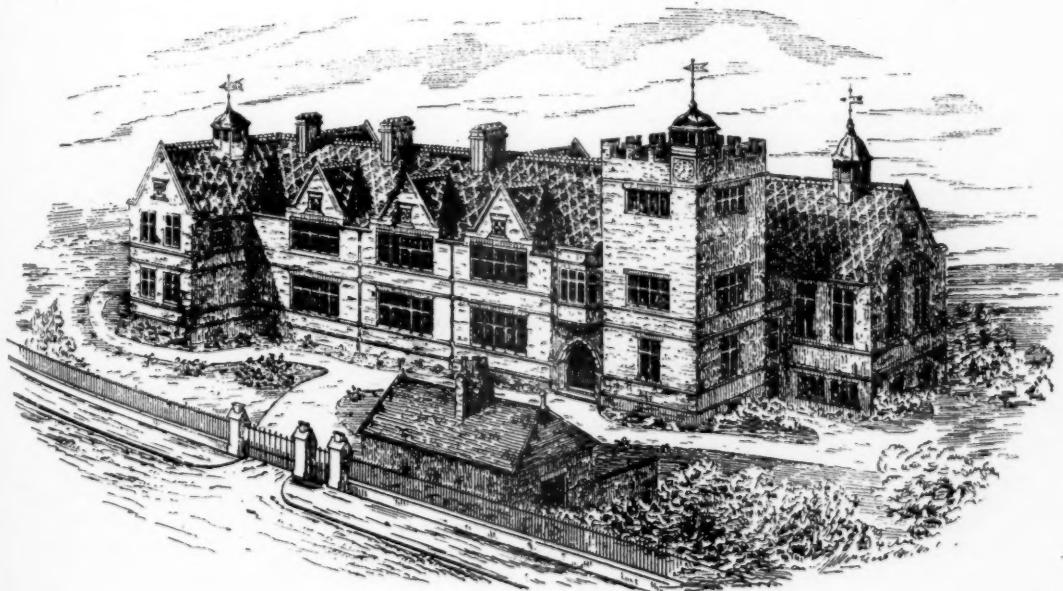
The course of instruction comprises English language and literature, scripture, history and geography, mathematics, physical science and languages, drawing, shorthand, &c. Boys are fitted for the Universities, or for entrance into professional, manufacturing, engineering, or commercial life. While most of the pupils are drawn

from Gateshead, a steadily increasing number comes from Newcastle and the surrounding district.

The president of the School Company is Lord Northbourne, while the chairman of the company is Mr. G. T. France. Three head-masters have had control of the school itself since it was opened—the Rev. Thomas Adams, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, now Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Ontario, Canada; Mr. J. C. Tarver, M.A., King's College, Cambridge, now Head-Master of Newcastle Public School; and Mr. John T. Dunn, D.Sc., F.C.S., late Fellow of Durham. The present head-master, Dr. Dunn, is ably assisted by Mr. R. C. E. Allen, M.A., Mr. G. A. Wright, M.A., Mr. C. S. Terry, B.A., and Mr. George Hurrell, Inter. B.A.

The Blake Family Romance.

THE old turnpike road which leads from Berwick to Kelso, through Cornhill, along the south bank of the Tweed, the traveller, ten miles from Berwick, passes the Till at Twizel Bridge, built in the sixteenth century by a lady named Selby. The banks here are particularly beautiful, the shelving rocks being broken into many a grotesque shape; and forest and fruit trees are mingled with the hawthorn, whose sweet odours fill the air in spring time. Just above the bridge is an unfinished castle, of white freestone, begun to be built about the end of last century by Sir Francis Blake, the first baronet of the name, who



was a political as well as an architectural genius, having issued a proposal in 1784 for the liquidation of the National Debt by every landholder transferring a proportional part of his property to the fundholders, and having printed at the Berwick press, four years later, a volume of political tracts, of which all that can now be said is that it may be found on the library shelves of curious local book collectors.

Sir Francis died in 1786, leaving an elaborate will, framed by a skilful conveyancer, wherein he did his best to ensure that his large estates in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and within the liberties of the town of Berwick, should descend undivided to heirs bearing his name and arms. He devised his lands to his son Francis for life; then to his son's two male children in succession for life, and to their male issue successively. In case there was a failure of the male line, the estate was to go to an unmarried daughter of the testator and her male children, and, failing these, to the daughters, if any, of his sons and their male issue in succession. It was the clear intention of the testator, first of all, to keep the estates together, and next to keep them in the male line intact, and in possession of one person as head of the family. It was likewise his express wish to exclude his own second daughter, who had married against his will, and whose name was accordingly omitted from the deed of entail. The conveyancer who drew up the document, anxious to provide for every possible contingency, inserted a clause providing that, if all the limitations to the living descendants of the testator and their children, with the exception named, should fail, the property should go to Sir Francis's "other issue," and be divided among all the heirs of his body. On these ambiguous words a deal of litigation turned, long after the testator had been gathered to his fathers, and long after all the persons in whose welfare he had a direct interest, and for whom he had intended to provide, had passed away from this sublunary world.

At the death of the first baronet, his son Francis succeeded him in the title and estates. He inherited also his passion for architecture and electioneering—two gentlemanly tastes of a somewhat expensive description. In his earlier days he spent enormous sums in contesting the representation of Berwick. His expenditure on building was likewise very great. Tilmouth Park—a residence fit for any nobleman below the first rank—was almost wholly built by him, and its gallery was enriched with a collection of oil paintings surpassed by few in the kingdom in sterling value. But the glories of this mansion were far outshone by Twizel Castle, which he resumed building on even a more magnificent scale than that originally projected, till he was compelled to stop short from want of funds. From first to last the work went on persistently for 50 years at least, without so much as the floors having been laid in many of the rooms. Twizel Castle was, like Abbotsford, a romance in stone and

lime, but without the poetical and romantic associations clinging around the equally whimsical and only a little less pretentious home of the great Wizard of the North. Two generations of masons and joiners fattened on the work, which never was, and perhaps never will be, finished, though it presents a grand and imposing aspect from the neighbouring carriage road, and excites the admiration of the passing traveller on the Berwick and Kelso branch of the North-Eastern Railway which runs near it. Sir Francis was his own architect, inspector, and clerk of works, and the men employed at the castle were all on days' wages. Some began their apprenticeship and served out their time while there; and it is said that the foreman mason built quite a village out of the honest profits which he had the wit to make. Many of the joiners, we have heard, were in the habit of making articles of furniture in the good baronet's time and out of his well-seasoned timber, and of selling them for their own behoof at Berwick or Coldstream.

Sir Walter Scott termed Twizel Castle "a splendid pile of Gothic architecture"; but it seems to have been built without any regular design at all, except to ascertain how many windows could be crowded into one huge edifice. It was intended to be six storeys high, with circular fifteen-feet turrets at the corners, affording a great command of prospect. The interior was commodious, and all the apartments were vaulted to prevent accidents from fire. It contained a handsome gallery ninety feet in length and twenty-two feet in width, to accommodate the splendid collection of paintings belonging to the family. There is a fine steel engraving of the castle in Grose's "Antiquities," published in 1783, from which we make a copy on page 000. The facing stones of the castle were removed five or six years ago, and were used in the construction of a neighbouring mansion.

By this expensive building folly, and his not much less expensive and far more nonsensical electioneering contests, the second Sir Francis nearly beggared himself. Tormented by his numerous creditors whose urgent demands he could neither satisfy nor stave off, he took refuge, when no longer a member of Parliament, in that Scottish Alsatia, *scilicet* Croftangry, a well-known sanctuary for debtors, within the precincts of Holyrood Palace. From this asylum he was wont to issue forth on Sundays, and drive to within sight of the English Border in a postchaise, take a look from afar off at his grand castle, and hurry back to get across the strand at the foot of the Canongate before midnight. He died in the inn at Cornhill on his way out from Edinburgh in June, 1818, in his 81st year.

The third Sir Francis, who was, like his father, as poor as Job, was only protected from arrest by the privilege of Parliament, being member for Berwick. He had to bear the expense of several contests. Impoverished by such profitless investments, continued during three successive generations, it cannot be matter of surprise that

he died leaving barely sufficient personal property to satisfy his creditors.

On his last will and testament being opened after his death, which took place on the 3rd of August, 1860, it was found that he had devised his Twizel and Tilmouth estates to his eldest son Francis, and his Seghill estates to his second son Frederick—referring at the same time to a certain deed he had previously executed, but without giving any explanation of its nature or contents. The lady with whom he lived, and who was the mother of these children, had never, it seems, been married to him in England. Popularly, she was set down as his house-keeper, though they lived together as man and wife. It was alleged, however, that a marriage had taken place in Scotland, and that one child at least was born there, under circumstances which showed that the parties accepted each other as regularly wedded folks. Yet no positive proof of this could be obtained, and the deceased baronet's two sons, Francis and Frederick, were consequently held to be illegitimate, and incapable of succeeding by descent to the estate, which was what the lawyers term "an estate tail."

But Sir Francis, as it afterwards turned out, had taken the precaution, so far back as 1834, of converting his expectancy in tail, on the failure of the direct line of heirs possessing a life interest under the will of the first baronet, to an expectancy in fee; and he was thus enabled to dispose of his possessions by will, to come into operation on the death of the last of these parties without male issue. This was the identical deed which Sir

Francis alluded to in his will, but of which no trace could be discovered at the time of his death.

When that event occurred in 1860, as above stated, the devisees under the will were immediately dispossessed of the property, and Mrs. Stagg, sister of Sir Francis, the legitimate heir-at-law, and the last in the direct line of heirs under the deed of entail, took possession. Mrs. Stagg, we have been told, never paid a personal visit to Tilmouth, but resided almost constantly at Brighton. Mr. Francis Blake, who was a captain in the Northumberland Artillery Militia, was overwhelmed by the reverse of fortune he sustained by the death of his father. He became reckless, fell into bad health, and in little more than a year died of grief and disappointment, leaving a widow and four children. Mr. Frederick Blake held a commission in the army, and while in India had the misfortune to receive a sunstroke. Returning home invalided, he became an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

No further event took place until, on the 12th March, 1869, Mrs. Stagg died, leaving a daughter, who claimed to succeed her in the estates. This lady, however, owing to her sex, could not succeed under the will of the first baronet. With the death of Mrs. Stagg the direct line of heirs entail under the will became extinct, and the expectancy of the heirs entail and their heirs came into force; and Mrs. Stagg having executed no disentailing deed, and the third baronet having converted his expectancy entail and devised his expectancy in fee by will to his sons, they became the rightful heirs, irrespective of any question of legitimacy. Shortly after Mrs. Stagg's

Twizel Castle & Bridge
(From Grose's Antiquities.)



death, Sir Francis's disentailing deed was found in the possession of his London lawyers, who appear to have forgotten its existence after the lapse of twenty-six years. On the discovery of the deed, the Blakes at once came forward to assert their title under the last baronet's will, and actual possession was taken by them accordingly. At the same time, several families, descendants of the first baronet, asserted their claims to the estate in various ways, particularly under the "other issue" clause.

It was not, however, till the month of April, 1872, that the case came on for trial, in the Court of Exchequer, sitting in banco, before the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Martin, Bramwell, and Cleasby. The plaintiffs—Allgood and others—forty-eight in number, then instituted proceedings to recover the property under the proviso mentioned in the will of their ancestor, and sought to exclude the defendant, Blake, who claimed as devisee under the third baronet's will. There were in all six actions. Sir Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne) appeared for the plaintiffs—fourteen in number—in the first action, namely, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Mrs. Reid, a descendant of a daughter of the testator. The Solicitor-General appeared for Mrs. Roche, plaintiff in the second action, her claim being that she, as a daughter of Mrs. Stagg, who was a sister of Mrs. Reid, was entitled to the whole of the property. In the event of that claim not being made out, however, she reserved her right to participate in the advantages which would accrue to the descendants of the first baronet, in the event of Sir Roundell Palmer's action proving successful. Mr. Bristoe, Q.C., appeared for Mr. Percival Fenwick Clennell, who claimed as a child of Mrs. Reid. Mr. Pollock, Q.C., appeared in the fourth action for Mr. Francis Reid, eldest and only surviving son of John Reid, who was a son of Sarah Blake (Mrs. Reid), and who claimed the whole of the estate as entail male, or if the tenancy was decided to be in common, he reserved his right to claim his share with the rest. In a sixth action, Mr. Manisty, Q.C. (afterwards Mr. Justice Manisty), appeared for the plaintiffs, and stated that his claim was similar to that made by Sir Roundell Palmer, the only difference being that the claim was for different estates.

Sir Roundell Palmer stated his case at considerable length, and from his opening remarks it appeared that that portion of the first baronet's pedigree on behalf of which he (the learned counsel) claimed was as follows:—Mrs. Sarah Reid, one of the testator's daughters, died during his lifetime, leaving five children, who became the heads of lines, namely, John, Francis, Archibald, Martha (who married a Mr. Allgood), and Sarah (who married Mr. Clennell). These had children alive as follows:—John, five, one of whom, the Rev. John Reid, was one of his (the learned counsel's) plaintiffs, and another a plaintiff in the second action; Frances, three, two of whom (daughters) were plaintiffs in the first

action—the third, a son, was not a plaintiff; Archibald, three, all of whom were plaintiffs in that action, and four grandchildren, none of whom, however, were plaintiffs; Martha (Mrs. Allgood), one, and six grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren; and Sarah (Mrs. Clennell), one who was plaintiff in the third action. With those he had mentioned, and others represented by his learned brethren, the number of plaintiffs altogether amounted to forty-eight. His argument, which he supported by precedents, was briefly this, that his clients were entitled to recover on a so-called penultimate clause in the will of the first baronet. The third baronet executed a disentailing assurance, which made him master in fee simple of the whole of the property. On his death without lawful issue, he gave everything it was in his power to give, or conceived it to be in his power to give, to his illegitimate children, and these were represented by Frederick Blake, the defendant, who claimed as devisee under the third baronet's will, and who, by himself or agents, was in possession of the property.

The Solicitor-General, on behalf of his client, argued that the word "issue" in the will of the first baronet should be taken in the sense in which it was often read, and then it would be seen that what was meant in the clause was heirs of the body; and if this were the case, Mrs. Roche was entitled to the entirety of the estate.

Mr. Bristoe, on behalf of Mr. Percival Fenwick Clennell, the son of Sarah Clennell, who was the last surviving child of Sarah Blake, a descendant of the testator, said his argument was similar to that of Sir Roundell Palmer, except on a question of issue. He contended that the class who were mentioned in the will as being competent to become joint tenants in fee, in the event of the expiration of the entail, were those who could be ascertained at the death of the first baronet, and not at the time the entail expired. His client was all that survived of that class; consequently she was entitled to recover the estates and property in the possession of Frederick Blake.

Mr. Pollock's contention was of a very simple character, his claim being, he explained, that his client was entitled to the estates under the penultimate limitation as the entail male, while Mr. Manisty stated that his argument was exactly similar to that of Sir Roundell Palmer.

The defence was conducted by Mr. H. Matthews, Q.C., Mr. Kemplay, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Hall. Their arguments fully satisfied the court, which discarded all the claims, jointly and severally, and decided in favour of the Blakes.

One branch of the first baronet's descendants, the Clennells, submitted to the decision; but the other claimants appealed to the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and again failed to substantiate their claims. The real contest was between the illegitimate children and grandchildren of the third Sir Francis Blake, and Mrs. Roche.

his sister's daughter, the appellant in the suit. That lady, we have seen, claimed as heir-at-law; and the point at issue was whether Sir Francis held under his grandfather's will an estate which he could disentail in the usual way, or an anomalous kind of estate, which would have kept in suspense, but still alive, the rights of Mrs. Roche as heir-at-law of the three baronets. The solution of this question depended on the construction to be put on the clause leaving over a limitation to the "other issue" of the original testator. If under this clause the last Sir Francis had an estate tail, he was entitled as tenant in tail to create in his own favour an estate in fee by a disentailing deed. He did so in perfectly correct and strict form, and devised the lands in fee simple thus acquired to his illegitimate sons. But on the part of his niece, Mrs. Roche, the contention was raised that the limitations to "other issue" constituted the estate of the last Sir Francis Blake, an estate differing from an ordinary estate tail in essential points, and especially in its incapacity of transformation into an estate of fee simple. The Solicitor-General argued upon this view of the case very ably and ingeniously, but the court refused to adopt his construction of the first Sir Francis's will. More correctly speaking, it declined to construe the single word "other" as covering the multitudinous provisions which the appellant argued it did, and further declared that "no such estate has ever been known up to the present time, nor do we think any such estate could be created, and we think it impossible to suppose that the testator intended to create it."

The practical result of this decision was to confirm the third Sir Francis Blake's disentailing deed, and to uphold the devise of his estate in fee to his illegitimate sons. The estate of Seghill thereupon became the property of Mr. Frederick Blake, and the rights of the late Captain Blake to the Twizel and Tilmouth estates passed to his eldest son, Mr. Francis Douglas Blake, then a young man in his teens.

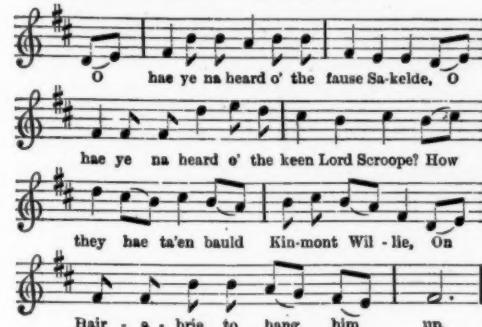
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

KINMONT WILLIE.

F the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," says:—"In the following rude strains our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border. This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectured emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular the

Eden has been substituted for the Easke, the latter name being inconsistent with topography." The mention of Staneshaw Bank is also incongruous, as that place (Stagshaw Bank) is in the neighbourhood of Hexham, and forty miles from Carlisle. The tune is a true old Border tune, though now but little known.



O haes ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde,
O haes ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
How they haes ta'en bauld Kin-mont Willie,
Hair - a - brie to hang him up.
O haes ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde,
O haes ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
How they haes ta'en bauld Kin-mont Willie
On Hairibree* to hang him up.
Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' aucht score in his companie!
They band his legs beneath the steed;
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And brocht him owre the Liddell rack.
They led him owre the Liddell rack,†
And also through the Carlisle Sands;
They brocht him to Carlisle Castle,
To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.
"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will daur this deed avow,
Or answer by the Border law,
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"
"Now haud thy tongue, though rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Afore that ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall tak farewell o' me."
"Fear ye na that, my lord!" quo' Willie,
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hosterie,
But I paid my lawing; afore I gaed."
Now word has gaen to the bauld Keeper
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That they haes ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of nicht and day.
He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he cried,
"But avenged on Lord Scroop I'll be.
Oh, is my basnet|| a widow's curch?§
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly¶ me?
"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?
And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?"

* The hill on which criminals were executed. † A ford on the Liddell. ; Reckoning. || Helmet. ¶ Slight: make light of.

"Oh, were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is name;
I wad slight Carlisle Castle hie,
Though it were builded o' marble stane!
I wad see that castle in a low,
And slocken it wi' English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood!
"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,
And yet the Kinmont shall be free!"
He has called him forty marchmen stout,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
Wi' spur on heel and splent on spauld,*
And gloves o' green and feathers blue.
There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men array'd for fight.
And five and five like mason gang
That carried ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.
And as we cross'd the 'bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha suld it be but the fause Sakelde?
"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"
"We gang to hunt an English stag,
Hai trespass'd on the Scots country."
"Where be he gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell me true!"
"We gaun to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."
"Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"
"We're gang to harry a corbie's nest
That wons na far frae the Woodhouselee."
"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' leart had he.
"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he:
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!
Then on we held to Carlisle town,
And at Stanesbank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle o' spait,
But the never a man or horse we lost.
And when we reach'd the Stanesbank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet.
When we cam beneath the castle wa'.
We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders again' the wa';
And see ready was bauld Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.
He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou'dat gaed!"
"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch,
"Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!"
Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew,
"Oh! wha daur meddle wi' me?"[†]
Then speedily to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan aye and aye,
And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead,
And see we won to the castle ha'.
They thocht King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,

That put a thousand in sic a steer!
Wi' coulters and wi' fore-hammers
We garr'd the bars bang merilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
And when we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"Oh! sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"
"Oh! I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang sin sleeping was they'd* frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speir† for me."

The Red Rowan has bent† him up,
The starest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Tell o' Lord Scroop I tak' farewell.
Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroop,
My good Lord Scroop, farewell," he cried;
"I'll pay ye for my lodgin' mailly!
When neist we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's arms play'd clang!
"Oh, many a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've ridden a horse both wild and wud;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs ha'e ne'er bestrode."
"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out ower the furs;
But sin' the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"
We scarce had won the Stanesbank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim;
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.
He turn'd him on the further side,
And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
"An' ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me."

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
He stood as still as a rock o' stane;
He scarcely daured to trew† his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.
"He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christendie."

Berwick Bridge.

BETWEEN bridging the Tweed in the seventeenth century and throwing cantilevers across the Forth in the nineteenth there is a wide difference; but the engineering of the reign of Charles I. was of a steady and enduring character, and proof of it remains to this day in the structure which spans the Border river at Berwick. Builders were in no hurry in those days, and ancient documents inform us, in a manner that can easily be remembered, that the bridge was constructed "in the space of twenty-four years, four months, and four days, ended the 24th day of October, 1634, in the tenth year of the

* Armour on the shoulder. † Learning. ‡ A well-known Border tune.

‡ Frightened. † Inquire. ‡ Lifted. || Rent. § Furrows. ¶ Believe.

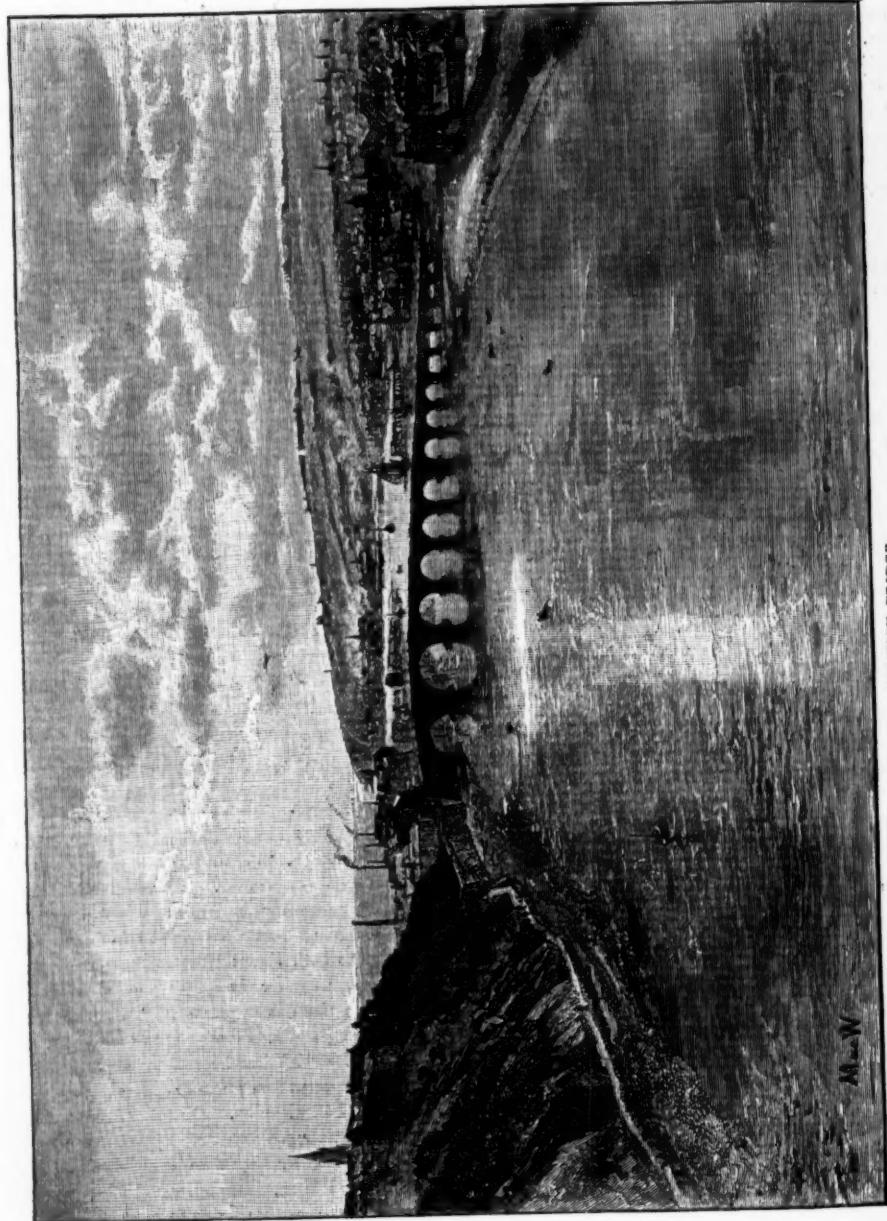
reign of King Charles." Such was the care bestowed upon it, however, that for more than two-and-a-half centuries it has withstood all floods and storms, and still betrays no sign of weakness in its firmly planted pillars. When the bridge was finished, it was found that, save £39 18s. 6d., it had cost altogether £15,000; and, although this was a goodly sum, at the rate of wages then paid, it must be admitted that a work of such stability was cheap at the price, seeing that it was of "so much good consequence to the subjects of England and of Scotland." There was a clause in the Royal grant directing that any surplus should be "employed towards the building of a church at Berwick"; but the overseers were evidently determined to satisfy temporal needs rather than spiritual wants, and Fuller informs us, with a touch of irony, that "there does not appear to have been any of this money applied to the building of a church."

Previous to the reign of King Charles, communication across the Tweed at Berwick had always been precarious. A wooden bridge was thrown over the river about a hundred yards above where the present stone structure stands; but in the reign of King John, as we read in Leland's *Collectanea*, "the bridge of Berwick brake with great force of water, because the arches of it were to low." It was restored by William, King of Scotland. As time rolled on, however, the inhabitants desired more security against the "braking" propensities of the turbulent stream, and eventually advantage was taken of the Union between England and Scotland to establish a permanent link from bank to bank. The work was inaugurated by King James, under the Great Seal of England, in the sixth year of his reign, and "two honest and discreet burgesses" were charged with the daily overseeing of the workmen and labourers, while "the Mayor and six of the best and most sufficient Aldermen and Burgesses of the town" were to subscribe their names weekly to the pay-books. These accounts were discovered by Dr. Fuller, and given in detail in his "History of Berwick." It is interesting to note that the wages paid ranged from 2s. 6d. per day and 15d. per tide down to 4d. per day and 2d. per tide. But a businesslike Bishop of Durham came upon the scene in August, 1620, and "received less contentment than he expected, finding that the expences of his Majesty's monies rise apace, but the bridge riseth slowly." Whereupon, with an early appreciation of the advantages of contracting, he determined "to bring the whole business to a certaintie upon articles both for the charge and the time of finishing the whole work." The energy thus imparted to the undertaking bore fruit, we have no doubt, in the curtailment of the time occupied in the erection of the bridge; but what with the delay caused by the scarcity of material, and floods which brought down "strange abundance of stacks of hay, corn, and timber"—in one case sweeping away the old wooden bridge and overthrowing a whole year's work in the new—it was fourteen years after the bishop's

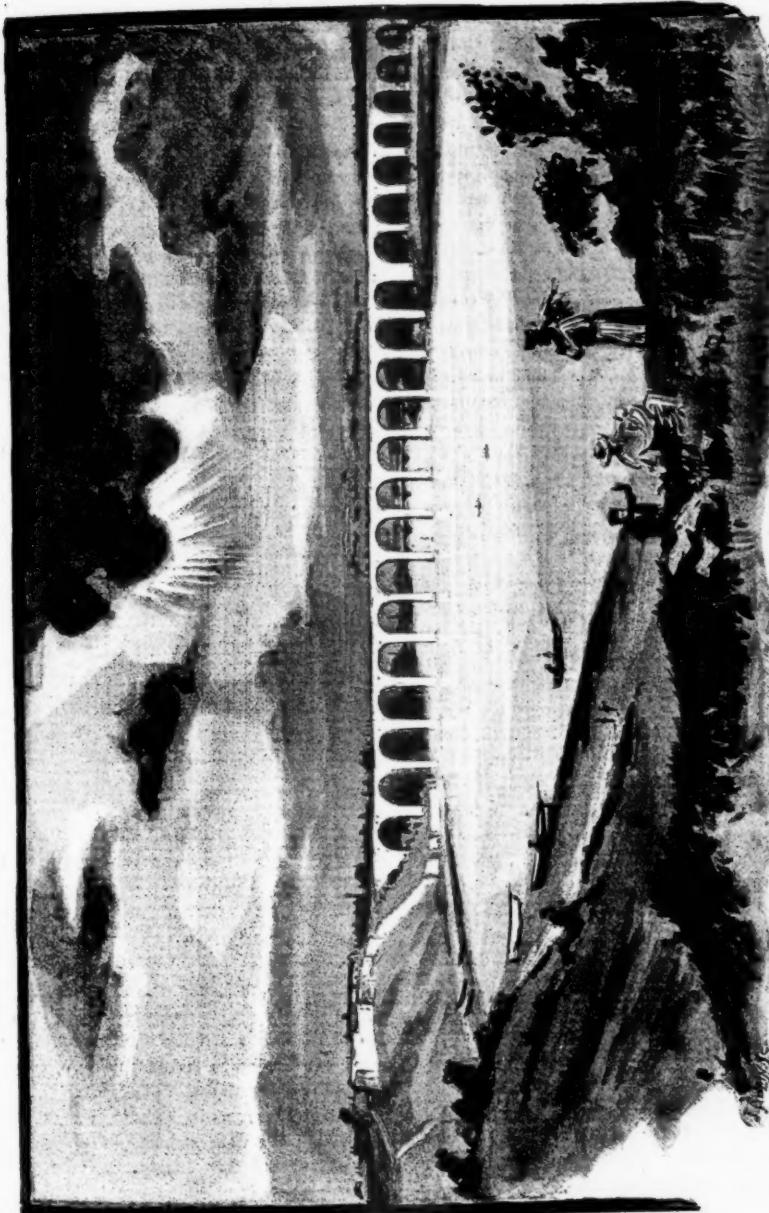
visit before the undertaking was completed. His lordship considerately reported to the King upon "the good and faithful service" of the Mayor of Berwick, Sir William Bowyer, knight, "during divers years past," about the work of the bridge, and his Majesty, well pleased, directed that the sum of £100 be paid to Sir William at the rate of £20 per annum for five years. We trust that the worthy knight was as "well pleased" as his Majesty.

There was one incident in the building of the bridge which is worth more than passing mention. It was on the 2nd of June, 1633, that King Charles, on his progress to Edinburgh to be crowned, was met by a deputation from the Border town, headed by the Recorder, Mr. Widdrington, of Gray's Inn, who addressed his "most gracious and dread sovereign" in language that must have tickled the monarch and his train. While he assured the King that his Majesty's presence brought as much joy and comfort to them all as ever the loss of the town of Berwick brought sorrow to the English or Scottish nations, "you have in your Majesty's eye," proceeded the grandiloquent orator, "the representative body of a town that hath been the delight, nay, the ransom of kings; a true Helena, for which many bloody battles have been fought, lost, and regained, several times within the compass of one century of years." And he concluded by most affectionately wishing "that the throne of King Charles, the great and wise son of our British Solomon, may be like that of King David, the father of Solomon, established before the Lord for ever." We have thus a clear connection established between King Charles and Berwick Bridge, but it is a mistake to assume that it was across the present structure that James, "the British Solomon," passed to ascend the throne of England.

Though Fuller wrote about a hundred years ago, his description of the bridge will still bear to be quoted. "It is built," he says, "of fine hewn stone, and has 15 spacious and elegant arches. It measures 1,164 feet in length, including the landstalls. Its width is 17 feet. At each of the pillars, which are 14 in number, there is an outlet to both sides; without these there would be much greater danger in walking or riding along the bridge than there is at present." Then he refers to the sixth pillar separating Berwick from the County Palatine of Durham, sods being formerly placed on the battlements at this point as a guide to constables and others in the execution of warrants. There is now no necessity for the sods, but the pillar is still distinguished by having battlements slightly higher than the others. Berwick, being a walled town, possessed gates which were closely guarded at night within living memory. The south gate of the town shut up the northern end of the bridge, while two strong wooden barriers, 148 feet distant from each other, and projecting beyond the battlements on each side, were placed midway across. These hindrances to



BERWICK BRIDGE.



ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

traffic, however, could not long be tolerated as the century advanced, and they were therefore entirely swept way.

Our view of Berwick Bridge (from a drawing by Mr. MacWhirter) is taken from the Royal Border Bridge, a lofty railway viaduct crossing the Tweed near the Old Castle, and connecting the North-Eastern with the North British Railway. The Royal Border, of which we also give an illustration (taken from a photograph by Mr. J. Herriott, Berwick), was opened by the Queen on August 29, 1850. Much of the ruins of the Castle was destroyed in the course of the erection of the railway bridge, and Berwick Station has obliterated a large portion which formerly crowned the high ground on the northern bank. The Water Tower, the Breakneck Stairs, another tower in Tam the Miller's Field, a large mass of masonry called Long John, and the Bell Tower—by which the burghers were warned of the approach of the Scots—are now the principal remains of the Old Walls, which may be traced by the side of the ancient moat, on the north of the town, from the river on the one side to a point within sight of the sea on the other, the line being from west to east.

To distinguish it from the Royal Border Bridge, the structure whose history we have traced is locally termed the Old Bridge. Our illustration shows Berwick, with the spire of the Town Hall, on the high ground on the left, while Tweedmouth lies at the south end of the bridge, and Spittal, a rising watering place, on the same bank at the mouth of the river, the sea being shown in the distance. The New Road, a pathway seen on the left, is a favourite promenade—completely sheltered from the north winds—which leads through a romantic-looking gateway in the Water Tower of the Old Castle and on to some pleasant woods lying further up the river. The artist has been very successful in catching the summer aspect of a picturesque and interesting scene. But Berwick, cramped up as it is within the ramparts of the Elizabethan period, which took the place of the Old Walls, has quite an old-world look about it, and is full of quaint scenes and memories.

fellows whose business it was to defend their country and their homes.

Berwick, that once important Border town, has naturally enough suffered severely from the numerous sieges and assaults to which it has been subjected. Its once impregnable castle is now a heap of shapeless stone; its old fortifications are razed to the ground; while the monastic institutions, of which it had so many, have all disappeared, leaving but faint indications of their situation and size. But while these and other ancient relics are in a ruinous state, or are altogether non-existent, one link connecting us with the older life of Berwick still remains—the Bell Tower.

After the siege and capture of Berwick in 1296, King Edward I. caused a wall to be built round the town, provided with numerous towers. This was further strength-



ened by a deep fosse or moat. Some idea of the size and strength of these towers may be formed from an inspection of the only remaining one, situate in the Greenses at the extreme north end of the town, and about four hundred yards north-east of the castle.

The Bell Tower, as it is called, was originally of five storeys, but the wear and tear of successive ages have reduced its height considerably. It is octagonal in shape, and at present is about 50 feet in height. There are apertures or small niches on each flat, facing the north, south, east, and west, with a doorway, originally level with the fortifications, on the east and west sides respectively. Above the door-lintels are spaces from which stones have been removed. Old inhabitants say that on

The Bell Tower, Berwick.

THE English side of the Border is studded with numerous old castles, pele-towers, and other places of strength, all rich in lore and legend. These silent witnesses of past pain and sorrow, of raid and pillage, of battles lost and won, are for the most part now in ruins. Some there are that have escaped the common lot, and are to be seen in much the same state as when inhabited by our forefathers. From these strongholds the student can learn much of the habits, customs, and mode of warfare of the brave

these stones were carved certain coats-of-arms, but of what nation, or family, is unknown.

The tower was used for outpost purposes. In it men were stationed, during the daytime only, to alarm the garrison and inhabitants, by means of a large bell, on the approach of an enemy from Scotland. In 1547, a new alarm bell was supplied for "the Day Watch Tower, the old one being riven so that the sound cannot be well heard." This bell, which weighed about 730 lbs., appears to have been in use until the year 1617, when it was sold for the sum of £36 10s. The building also became deserted, and, being neglected, gradually fell into decay. But it is pleasing to know that this remnant of an interesting past is not to be allowed to pass away. The Freemen of the Borough, to whom the tower belongs, have entrusted its preservation to the Committee of the Berwick Improvement Society, which has already partly restored it.

The building commands an extensive view of Halidon Hill, the town of Berwick, the North Sea, the Tweed, and the adjacent country.

EDWARD F. HERDMAN.

Duns Scotus.

JOHNNES DUNS SCOTUS was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. English, Scotch, and Irish writers have long disputed as to which of the three kingdoms should wear the honour of having given him birth; and the question is not likely ever to be satisfactorily settled, any more than that of the birthplace of Homer or St. Patrick.

According to the English authorities, he was born, about the year 1265, at the little village of Dunstan, near Dunstanborough Castle, in the parish of Embleton, Northumberland, six-and-a-half miles north-east of Alnwick. The compilers of the "Biographia Britannica," following Camden, quote in favour of Duns's English birthplace a Latin inscription at the end of a manuscript copy of his works in the library of Merton College, Oxford, of the following tenor:—"Here end the Lecture of the Subtile Doctor in the University of Oxford, upon the Fourth Book of Sentences (Opinions, Thoughts, by Peter Lombard), to wit, of Master John Duns, born in a certain hamlet in the parish of Emlyton, called Dunstan, in the County of Northumberland, pertaining to the house of the scholars of Merton Hall in Oxford, and formerly fellow of the said house." Dunstan belongs, we believe, to Merton College to this day.

But the advocates for Duns's Scottish, or rather Scoto-Northumbrian extraction, are not satisfied with this evidence. The inscription, they say, proves nothing, except that the individual that wrote it, whoever he was, had heard that John Duns was born at Dunstan. They

overlook the significant fact that that place was the property of the college where the great man was educated, and that it was therefore exceedingly likely that he should be sent thence to Oxford to study and take his degree, when it was found that he had an extraordinary genius for imbibing knowledge. At any rate, Buchanan and other Scottish historians, followed by Moreri, the competent forerunner of the indefatigable Bayle, mentions that John Duns was born in the year 1274 in the old town of Dunse, in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and for long centuries a part of the Anglo-Danish kingdom of Northumberland. He first saw the light, they allege, under the frowning walls of Dunse Castle, the stronghold of Randolph, Earl of Moray, the nephew and compatriot of Bruce. Hence he was called "John of Dunse," the



Scot,"—the third joint of his name being a common Gentile appellative, likewise borne, we may add, by the first Mayor of Newcastle.

The Scotch hypothesis is fortified by the terms of the Latin epitaph upon Duns's tomb, which reads thus in English:—

Scotland bore me, England adopted me,
France taught me, Germany holds me.

It is stated by the Rev. Dr. Robert Bowmaker, in his statistical account of the parish of Dunse, that the family of which Duns was a scion continued in the town of Dunse till after the beginning of last century, and were proprietors of a small estate in that neighbourhood, called in old writings "Duns's Half of Gruelbykes." An elegant portrait of John Duns has been appreciatively, even if not appropriately, placed in the court-room of what aspires to be his native town.

The Irish claimants found their title to reckon Duns

as a countryman of their own chiefly on the fact that he was surnamed Scotus, a term originally applied to none but natives of the Emerald Isle, and only secondarily, and in comparatively modern times, extended to North Britons. But Scotus, le Scot, Scot, and Scott, are found in the records of the town of Newcastle always denoting persons from the land beyond the Tweed, and never, in any case, Irishmen. There was, besides, another Johannes Scotus, who lived several centuries before our Johannes, and who, because he was of Hibernian origin, was distinguished as Erigena, born in Erin.

Dismissing these fruitless controversies, this much is certain, that John Duns, while yet a youth, attached himself to the Minorites, Franciscans, Cordeliers, or Grey Friars, in Newcastle, whose monastery stood close to the walls of the town, near the Pilgrim Street Gate. He donned, as a matter of course, the thick, grey cloth cloak appropriate to the order, with the girdle of rope or cord, tied with three knots, symbolic of the Ever Blessed Trinity. But his ambition was not confined to the narrow bounds of a cell, or to the routine duties of the monastic life. And so the promising youth was soon sent to Oxford, where he was admitted to Merton College, of which he became a fellow, and where he greatly distinguished himself by his unusual proficiency in scholastic acquirements. He is said to have become extraordinarily learned in the canon and civil laws, as well as in logic, physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy. He read lectures on natural philosophy, which were very popular. Among the apocryphal stories told of him is one that, during the time when he filled the chair of theology on the banks of the Isis, his fame grew so great that thirty thousand scholars came thither to listen to him. But his motto being still onward and upward, he removed from Oxford to Paris, probably in 1301. He was chosen regent of the monks of his order at a meeting at Toulouse, and about the same time he took the presidency of the theological school at Paris, in the renowned college of the Sorbonne. Here his arguments and authority carried the day, against the rival monastic order of the Dominicans, for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The heads of the University of Paris determined to admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of John Duns's mind. They also appointed a festival—the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—to be held every year on the anniversary of Duns's triumphant demonstration of the new cardinal point of faith. It was on this occasion that the title of the Subtle Doctor was first conferred upon him, a title no man ever deserved better. For, in the whole history of scholasticism, we meet with few so well qualified as he to—

Weave fine cobwebs for the skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as any Sorbonist.

In 1308, he was commanded by Gonsalvo, the General

of the Minorites, to go to Cologne, the city of the Three Magian Kings, to dispute against the Beghards, Beguines, beg-women or begging sisters of Flanders, who, without having taken monastic vows, had united for the purpose of devotion and charity, and lived together in houses called beguinages. It is reported that the citizens met him in solemn procession, and conducted him into the city. But he was not permitted to do more than merely enter upon his new crusade against wilful women's presumption; for, very soon after, he was seized with apoplexy, and died on the 8th of November, 1308, in the forty-third year of his age.

The account of his death is legendary. According to Gorries, he fell down in a fit, and was immediately buried as dead; but, afterwards, coming to his senses, he languished in his coffin, beating his head and hands against its sides till he expired.

On the eternally disputed topic of predestination and free-will, Duns Scotus took one side, and Thomas Aquinas the other. The one was styled, as we have said, the Subtle Doctor; the other, the Angelical Doctor. Duns was a Franciscan, Aquinas a Dominican—so of rival and to some extent hostile orders. Between them, the two doughty champions new-modelled the school theology, which had been based upon Aristotle fully as much as on St. Augustine, and recognised the authority of the Stagyrite as almost if not equal to that of Paul of Tarsus. The learned Christian world was divided, even in those pre-Reformation days, into two camps of irreconcilables—the Thomists and the Scotists. The former held Aquinas's opinions with regard to predestination and grace; the latter stood up as stoutly for those of John Duns.

It is a common story that the word *Dunce* is derived from this great schoolman's local name being applied, by way of irony, to stupid scholars, on the same principle as a blockhead is called a Solon or a bully Hector, and as Moses is the vulgar name of contempt for a Jew. So says Southey in "The Doctor."

The works of Duns Scotus are very voluminous. "One man is hardly able to read them, and no one man is able to understand them." The speculative part of them alone, collected by Luke Wadding, an industrious and learned Irishman, and published at Lyons in 1639, fills twelve folio volumes. The positive part was meant by the editor for a future publication, which never appeared; but the sum and substance of them, as well as more or less luminous and satisfactory epitomes of the whole, have appeared in sundry shapes at divers times. And in Ritter's "History of Philosophy," and other works of the kind, the curious reader may find all he is likely to want regarding this every way wonderful man, "the most ingenious, acute, and subtle of the sons of Adam."

Miracle Plays and Mysteries in the North.

IWE accept the general belief that ancient Greek tragedy was in its earliest form a purely religious worship, it is easy to understand the commencement of Passion plays or mysteries. The fathers of the Christian Church, even in the second century, desiring to make their worship attractive, observed pagan feasts as religious festivals, and substituted plays from the Old and New Testament in the place of the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, turning the choruses, which formed so important a part of classical dramatic representations, into Christian hymns. Thus they substituted religious shows for ancient spectacles in order to wean the people from Greek or heathen learning, which, even in its simplest form, was, in the early ages of Christianity, and for many centuries after, held in great abhorrence.

The first instance of a religious play having been performed in this country is recorded by Matthew Paris, who relates that in the year 1100 a learned Norman, master of the Abbey School at Dunstable, wrote a mystery entitled the "Life of St. Catherine," and had it acted by his scholars. But the earliest notices of sacred plays performed by trading societies on Corpus Christi Day (as the Thursday after Trinity Sunday is called) are those connected with the York Guilds, which, from about the middle of the thirteenth century, annually exhibited a variety of those dramatised religious traditions. Every trade in the city was obliged by its terms of incorporation to furnish a pageant at its own expense, and so extraordinary was the splendour displayed in the ancient Yorkshire city that large concourses of people flocked from all parts of the country to witness the pious entertainments, and many orders and ordinances still exist in the municipal registers regulating them. One minute affirms that the plays are good in themselves and commendable, but that "the citizens of the said city, and other foreigners coming to the feast, had greatly disgraced the play by revellings, drunkenness, shouts and songs, and other insolences, little regarding the divine offices of the said day." Mr. Toulmin Smith, in his "History of English Guilds," tells us that "once on a time a play, setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, was played in the city of York; in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues held up to praise." So popular did this "Morality" become that a guild of men and women was founded for the purpose of keeping it up. The play itself is now lost, though Wyclif, who died in 1304, refers to "Ye paternoster in Englysch tungē as men seyen in ye pley of York."

Our forefathers were strangers to modern delicacy, but their morals were as pure as, perhaps purer and stricter

than, our own; yet these incorruptible Englishmen would look calmly on many things which would certainly shock their descendants; nay, they even regarded with solemn awe the representation of the Coventry play of the "Temptation," though during that performance Adam and Eve appeared on the stage *in puris naturalibus*. "This extraordinary spectacle," says Warton, "was beheld by a numerous company of both sexes with great composure; they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and gave matters just as they found them in the first chapter of Genesis."

Bourne, in his history of Newcastle, has fortunately rescued from oblivion the only vestige that remains to us of Newcastle mysteries. It is entitled "Noah's Ark, or the Shipwrights' Ancient Play or Dirge." Brand, who so eagerly collected relics of a bygone age, sought vainly in the archives of several local societies for another, and gives it as his opinion that they were probably all destroyed after the Reformation, as the spirit of Protestantism was strongly adverse to the preservation of these compositions, considering them doubtless as savouring of Popish superstition. In "Noah's Ark" the Almighty, an angel, Noah, his wife, and the Devil are the *dramatis persona*. The dirge commences with a long soliloquy from the Almighty, who, after explaining his resolution to destroy mankind, "all but Noah, my darling, free," sends an angel to Noah, bidding him

Go, make a ship
Of stiff board and great,
Although he be not a wright.

The angel finds Noah asleep, awakens him, and bids him "take tent" of God's command. After some conversation, during which the angel further explains the situation, Noah responds:—

I am six hundred winters old;
Unlusty I am to do such a deed.
For I have neither ryff nor ruff,
Spyer, sprond, spront, nor sproll—
Christ be the shaper of this ship,
For a ship needs make I must.

The Devil overhears this conversation, and, displeased at the determination expressed by the patriarch, exclaims, in sonorous Saxon phrase:—

Put off Harro, and wele away
That ever I uprose this day.

The Father of All Evil then determines to prevent the building of the ark, and, going to Noah's wife (who, as in the Chester play on the same subject, is represented as an ill-tempered, vixenish woman), warns her:

I tell thee secretly,
And thou do after thy husband read—
Thou and thy children will all be dead
And that right hastily.
Uxor dicat.
Go, devil, how say for shame.
Deabolus dicat.
Yes, hold thee still, le dame,
And I shall tell how;

I swear thee by my crooked snout,
All that thy husband goes about
Is little for thy profit.

Noah's wife is now thoroughly aroused by Satan's representations, and promises to give her husband a potion which will render him unable to work. Noah, however, is deaf to her entreaties, and refuses to take the draught, whereon she loses her temper, and, with a sublime indifference to anachronism, swears by Christ and St. John. Her last words are—

The devil of hell thee speed
To ship when thou shalt go.

Noah is much downcast after this quarrel with his spouse; but the angel comforts and counsels him. The ark is completed, and Satan, baffled and disappointed, finally prays

To Dolphin, prince of dead,
Scald you all in his lead,
That never a one of you thrive, nor thee.

Miracle plays appear generally to have been acted in the open air. A pageant car, supporting a stage of three platforms, was usually drawn to a spot calculated to show the performance to the greatest crowd of spectators. The entertainment was under the control of the Mayor and other town officials, who directed the manner of moving the car from street to street. Each craft had its assigned pageant, and had to play at the time and place appointed, any of the brethren who failed to attend at the hour specified being punished by fines. These fines varied; the Saddlers in Newcastle were mulcted in forty pence, while if one of the Guild of Millers was absent at the performance of "the antient playe" of their fellowship, entitled "The Deliverance of the Children of Isrell out of the Thaldome, Bondage, and the Servytude of King Pharo," he had to pay a penalty of 20s. Considerable cost was entailed on the various companies, who severally bore the expense of their own plays. Many notices occur relating to the sums expended on Corpus Christi Day; for instance, in an old book of the Newcastle Merchant Adventurers, dated A.D. 1552, the following financial entry may still be read:—"Item, paide of this revenus above said for the fyve playes, whereof the towne must pay for the ost men playe, £4, and as their playes paid for with the fees and ordinarie charg's as aperes by particlars wrytten in the stewards' book of this yere ys £31 1s. 1d." The earliest mention of Corpus Christi plays in Newcastle occurs in an ordinary of the Coopers, dated 1426. The Smiths soon followed their example, as in January, 1437, they are enjoined to go together in procession on the feast day, and play their play at their own expense, every brother to be at St. Nicholas' Church at the setting forth of the procession, on pain of forfeiting a pound of wax.

In 1442, the Barber Chirurgeons had to play the "Baptysing of Crist," and to form part of the pageant when it should be shown in a livery. The House Carpenters had to perform the "Burial of Christ," which anciently

belonged to their fellowship, "whensoever the general plaiies of the towne shall be plaied." In 1527, the ordinary of the Incorporated Weavers enjoined the brethren to assemble every year on Corpus Christi Day, and go together in procession and play their play and pageant of the "Bearing of the Cross," each brother to forfeit sixpence if absent from the place appointed at the hour assigned. In September, 1536, the Plumbers, Glaziers, Jewellers, and Painters were incorporated in one fraternity, and were bound, by the rules of their society, to maintain the miracle play of the "Three Kyngs of Coleyn." The title of the Weavers' play was the "Beringe of the Crosse," and that of the Bricklayers "The Flying of our Ladye into Egype." The Tailors had to act and exhibit the "Descent into Hell," and must have been rather a quarrelsome set, for at a meeting of their guild, in 1560, it was ordered and agreed that all the tailors dwelling in Newcastle shall live together as loving brethren of their fellowship, and shall gather themselves together, in their accustomed places, upon Corpus Christi Day, and *amicably* play their play, at their own cost and charges. In 1561, the Fullers and Dyers paid for the setting forth of their play as follows:—

The play letten to Sir Robert Hert (of All Saints), Sir W. Hert (of St. Nicholas), George Wallus, and R. Murton	9s.
First for the rehersall of the playe before ye craft	10s.
Item to a mynstrell yt night	3d.
Item for paynting the geyre	10s.
Item for a salmone towrt	15d.
Item for the Mawndy loves and eaks	2s. 8d.
Item for wyn	3s.
Item for 3 yards and a d. lyn cloth for God's cot	3s. 2d.
Item for ye hoyser (hose) and cot makynge	6d.
Item for a payr of gloves	3d.
Item for the care banner berryng	20d.
Item for the carynge of the towrt and wyn about the towne	12d.
Item for the mynstrell	12d.
Item for 2 spares for stangas	6d.
Item for drynke and thaye suppers that wated of the patient	5s.
Item for tenter howks	3d.
Summa totalis	50s. 0d.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, miracle plays seemed to be on the decline, as they were never acted but by a special command of the magistrates of Newcastle, and we find that on May 29, 1567, a mystery play cost the Corporation as follows:—

For sixty men's dennors	50s.
For 35 horses for the players, at 4d. a horse	11s. 8d.
For wine at their dinners	6s. 8d.
For a drum	8d.
The waits for playing before the players	2s.
Painting the sergeant's staff	2s.
To John Hardcastel for making 46 little castles and 6 great castles	8s.
For painting Beelzebub's cloak	4d.

An ordinary of the Joiners' Company, dated 1559, provided that "Whensoever it shall be thought necessary by the Mayor, &c., to command to be set forth and plaied or exercised any general playe or martial exercise, they shall attend on the same and do what is assigned

them." Little is heard of these entertainments after the date mentioned, and shortly after the accession of James I, they were finally suppressed in every town in the kingdom.

In the Earl of Northumberland's household book (1512) we find that at Christmas and Easter the children of his chapel performed mysteries under the direction of the master of the revels; indeed, the exhibition of scriptural dramas formed on great festivals a regular part of the domestic entertainment of our ancient nobility, and it was then as much the business of the chaplain of the household to compose biblical plays as it is now his duty to write sermons.

Theatrical entertainments have always been popular in Newcastle, and we gather from municipal records that a couple of years before Shakspeare saw the light the burgesses, whenever they had a chance, patronised the drama, and gladly welcomed to Tyneside any strolling players who found themselves in the neighbourhood. The ordinary gratuity for a performance was 20s., and it is recorded that various companies that professed to be the "servants" of my Lord of Leycester, the Earl of Hardforthe, my Lord of Worsytur, the Duchess of Sowfolke, and other strangely named grandees acted for this sum. The "players of Durham" were evidently held in greater estimation, for when they came to the town the Mayor entertained his fellow-citizens with a

performance, the cost of which was £3 3s. 4d., viz.:—To the players, £3; a quart of wine, 4d.; four links for lights, 2s.; three loads of coals to keep the actors warm, 1s.

Sacred stories or events taken from Scriptural sources have yet a strong hold on the public mind, for the ever favourite oratorio is only a mystery or morality set to music, and periodically vast concourses are drawn from all parts of Europe by the Ober Ammergau plays.

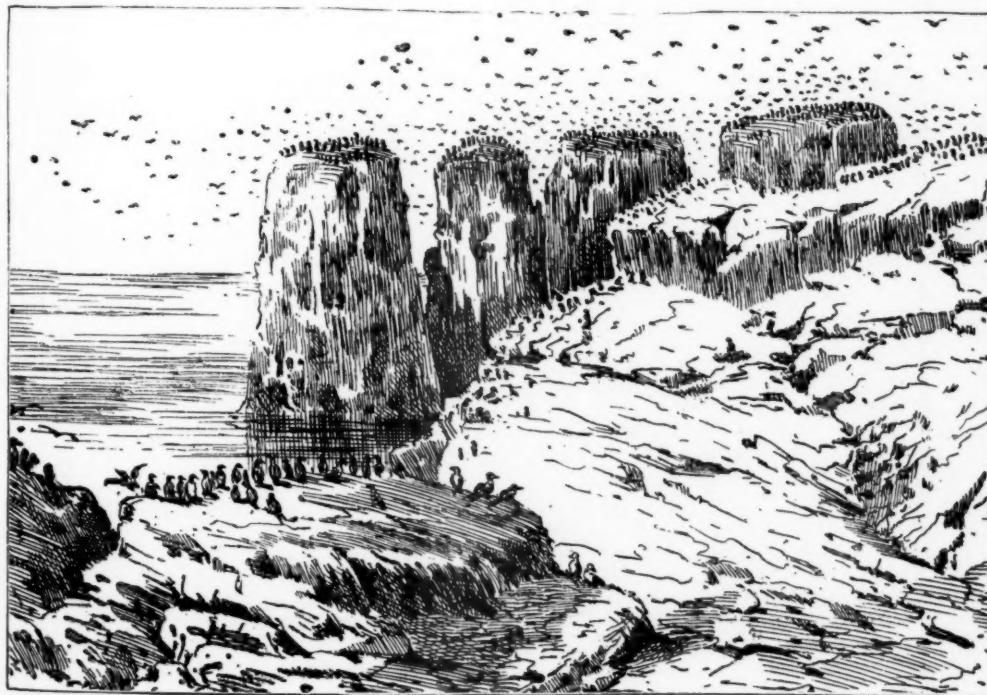
M. S. HARDCastle.

Bird Life on the Farne Islands.



MEMORABLE as are the Farnes as the scene of the heroism of Grace Darling, interest also centres in them as the home of innumerable sea birds. In the height of the season there is an incessant clamour while the birds cluster on the various rocks or circle in clouds overhead. Coupled with the noise of the beating surf, the effect is singularly wild.

The Farne group consists of twenty-five islands, about ten of which are covered at high water. They lie from one and a half to five miles from the Northumberland



THE PINNACLES, FARNE ISLANDS.

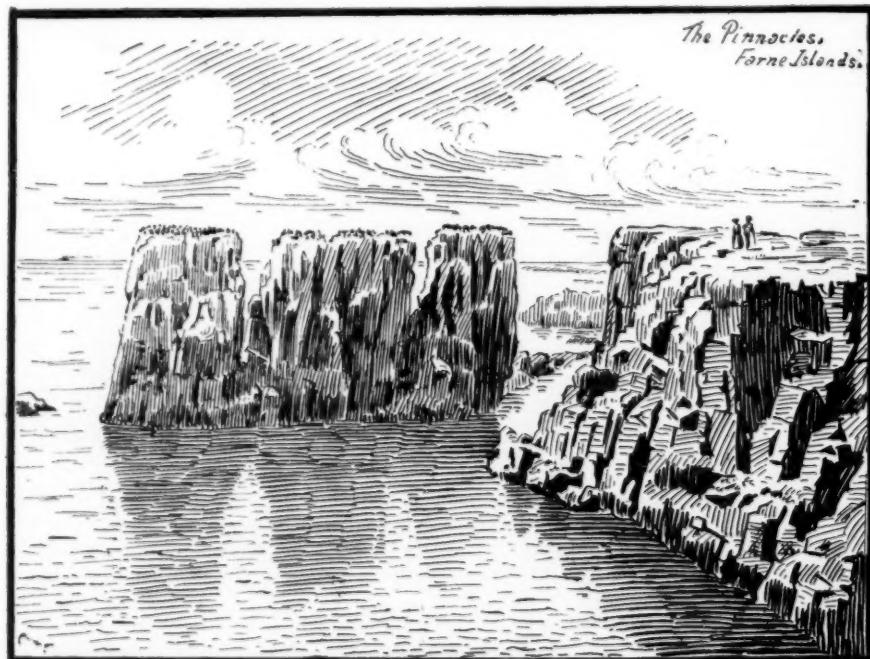
coast. North Sunderland being the chief rendezvous of visitors, and Monkhouse the nearest point. The voyage across the channel may be easily and safely accomplished; but, owing to the depredations of visitors in the past, no one can now land upon the islands without permission. So thickly are some of the islets strewn with nests in the breeding season that it is impossible to walk without treading upon eggs or young. In 1536, Henry VIII. bestowed the islands upon the Dean and Chapter of Durham. The Outer Farnes are controlled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the Inner Farnes are now leased to the Farne Islands Association. The largest of the whole group, commonly known as the House Island, but also as the Farne proper, is associated with the memory of St. Cuthbert, particulars of whom were given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for November, 1887. Its name is supposed to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Færena fālānde*, meaning "Island of the Pilgrims." The island is irregular in form, with an area of sixteen acres at low water, three parts being bare rock, with cliffs of basalt rising to a height of eighty feet. Eastward of the Farne, separated by a channel, are the Wedums, or Wideopen, and the Noxes, forming at low water one island. To the north-westward of the Farne lie two rocks, the Swedman and Megstone. A channel about a mile in width separates the inner from the outer group of islands. A reef in this channel has been noted as being the breeding ground of the great seal. Then there is Stapel Island, and separated from it by a narrow

channel is the Brownsman, where the bird-keeper lives. To the north is the Wawmser, the breeding place of the cormorants, and to the east the Big and Little Harcar. The story connected with the wreck of the Forfarshire on the Big Harcar will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for June, 1888.

The accompanying views, two of which are taken from photographs kindly supplied by Mr. W. Green, of Berwick-on-Tweed, whose series representing bird life on the coast is exceptionally beautiful and interesting, will give the reader some idea of one of the principal resorts of sea birds on the North-East Coast.

Mr. John Hancock's "Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham" records that the following fifteen species of sea fowl breed on the Farne Islands:—Ring dotterel, oystercatcher, lesser black-backed gull, herring gull, kittiwake gull, sandwich tern, common tern, arctic tern, roseate tern, cormorant, shag, eider duck, guillemot, puffin, and razorbill. Mr. Hancock gives also in the same work the subjoined interesting particulars:—

The guillemots have possession of the Pinnacles, three basaltic columns of no great size, and about forty feet high. The eggs are deposited on the top of these isolated columns, and can only be reached by climbing. There used to be a rope suspended from the top of one of the columns, and with the aid of this rope, and with one foot against one column and the other foot against the adjacent one, an active climber might haul himself to the top. When I visited the locality in June, 1831, in company with Mr. W. C. Hewitson and my brother Albany, our supply of these eggs was obtained in this manner:—



Mr. Hewitson, who was a bold and active climber, disdaining the rope, bravely ascended the Pinnacles and lowered down to us, in the boat at their base, the eggs in his hat. The kittiwake, which, though plentiful, is in no great abundance, avails itself of the inequalities of the precipitous faces of the Pinnacles and the neighbouring cliffs to build its nest. The lesser black-backed gull is numerous, and is not confined to any particular islet. Only a few pairs of puffins were breeding at that time; they are now, however, much more numerous. The eggs of this species are placed at arm's length within rabbit-holes on one of the hummocky grassy islets. The cormorants had possession of a rocky islet of little elevation here. Their nests, which are composed of sea-weed, are associated together, these birds forming a small colony by themselves. As we approached, the cormorants went off in a body to an adjacent rock at no great distance, and watched our movements. The shag and razorbill were both very scarce; we did not obtain an egg of either; they are probably only occasional breeders in this locality. The ring dotterel and oystercatcher are also not by any means common. The eider duck nests chiefly on the main or inner island, but is found on several of the other islands, and, though constantly found there, is in no great number. It likewise occasionally nests on the neighbouring mainland; we found a single nest so situated on our visit to this district. The ring dotterel, too, likewise breeds on the mainland; and we found several pairs of the little tern breeding on the shore of the Old Law, opposite to Holy Island; and on the links in this neighbourhood the sheldrake is found nesting in rabbit holes.

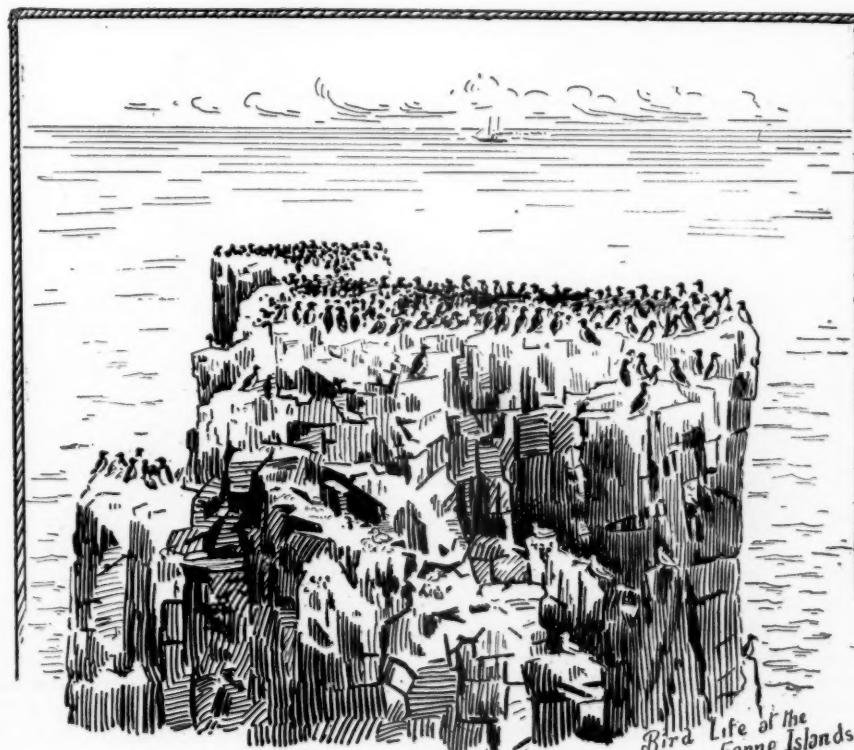
A specimen of the great auk, which is probably now extinct, appears to have been taken at the Farne Islands about a century ago. In Wallis's "History of North-

umberland" it is stated, under the head "Penguin," that "a curious and uncommon bird was taken alive a few years ago in the island of Farn, and presented to the late John William Bacon, Esq., of Etherstone, with whom it grew so tame and familiar that it would follow him with its body erect to be fed." There can be little doubt that this so called penguin was really the great auk. The only bird with which it might have been confounded is one or other of the great divers, the northern or the black-throated; but as neither of these can walk, it could not be said that it followed Mr. Bacon "with its body erect to be fed"; while there is reason to believe, Mr. Symington Grieve thinks, that the great auk could move in this particular position, as the razorbill does.

In his recently published work on "The Great Auk, or Garefowl," Mr. Grieve says:—

The discovery of traces of the great auk in a cave near Whithorn Lizards, county Durham, during the spring of 1878, is very interesting, as until that time no remains of this bird, so far as known, had been found in England. There can be little doubt that at one time the great auk was in the habit of visiting the shores of even the most southern parts of Britain, but it is long since these visits became of very rare occurrence. The last notice that we know of the great auk having been met with in the North-East of England is the mention that a specimen had been captured on the Farne Islands about a century ago.

It appears that the workmen employed by the Whit-



burn Coal Company had been quarrying limestone on the eastern escarpment of the Cleaton Hills, named on the Ordnance Survey map "Whitburn Lizards," when, underneath a quantity of *debris*, which had at one time fallen from the face of the cliff, they discovered a cave, which at some remote period had evidently been formed by the sea when the land was at a lower level, as it was situated on the north-east escarpment of the hill, about 15 feet from its summit, and 140 feet above the present sea level. Mr. Howse, who was one of those who examined it, has written a preliminary description of the cave and its contents. He states that he believes this cave, along with other two adjoining it that have since been discovered, were raised to their present elevation long before being occupied by the creatures whose remains have been found in them, and that probably the deposits on the cave-floors are not of extreme antiquity, as in none of them were discovered traces of the *hyæna* and *cave-bear*, met with in such abundance in some other English caves.

Until this discovery the scientists acquainted with the locality had no idea of the existence of any caves in the neighbourhood, and it must have caused considerable surprise to the officials of the Museum of the Natural History Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when, in the spring of 1878, they received the first box containing the remains, which were kindly sent them by Mr. John Daglish, Tynemouth, who at the same time gave liberty for some members of the society to excavate in the cave. It was fortunate that such a competent authority as Mr. John Hancock undertook the examination of the remains, as his labours have resulted in the identification of bones that have belonged to a considerable number of mammalia and birds, along with the shells of several of the mollusca. Among the former of these it is worthy of notice that there are several domestic animals, but their remains are associated with those of some animals that have long been extinct in the North of England.

THE HERRING GULL.

The herring gull (*Larus argentatus*) is a common resident in Northumberland, and breeds on the Farne Islands. This species is also found along the whole of the South Coast of England, and is particularly numerous in



the Isle of Wight, from Freshwater Bay to the Needles. Herring gulls feed on shellfish, and occasionally large dead fishes, crustaceans, molluscs, echini, &c., and we have it on the authority of Mr. Hancock that they steal and eat the eggs of the cormorant. In summer the adults have the head and neck pure white; the back and all the wing covers are uniform delicate French grey;

tertials, tipped with white; primaries, mostly black; but grey on basal portion of inner web, and the first primary with a triangular patch of pure white; chin, throat, breast, belly, and the whole of the under surface of the body and tail, pure white; legs and feet, flesh colour; bill, yellow; angle of under mandible, red; edges of eyelids, orange; irides, straw-yellow. The length of the herring gull is from twenty-two inches to twenty-four and a half inches, depending on the age and sex; wing, from sixteen and a half to seventeen and a quarter inches long. In winter the adults have the head streaked with dusky grey. The nest of the herring gull, which is frequently placed on ledges of rocks, is usually formed of grass or any other vegetable matter that may be at hand.

THE GREAT AUK.

The great auk (*Alca impennis*), which may be described as a gigantic razorbill, but having wings so small as to be incapable of flight, was a common bird at one period, hundreds being caught periodically on the small islands off Newfoundland, and on the coast of Iceland.



The species also occurred in St. Kilda, and the Orkney and Faroe Islands. The last specimen seen in the Orkneys was killed in 1812; that on St. Kilda was in 1822. The last recorded capture of the great auk was made on Eldey, off the coast of Iceland, in 1844. So recent has been the extinction of this fine species, that in

the early editions of Yarrell's "Birds," and even in Macgillivray's fifth volume of "British Birds," published in 1852, it is spoken of as still existing.

The great auk was about the size of a goose, its length being about thirty inches. The wing was not more than six and a half or seven and a half inches in length; the tail measured three inches or three and a half in length. Upon the upper surface of the body the plumage was glossy black; on the throat blackish brown; an oval white patch was situated immediately in front of the eye. The under side and a thin streak across the tips of the secondary wing quills were white.

The value of the egg of the great auk has risen rapidly of late years. In 1830, one was bought in Paris for 4s. 1d.; but in 1888 another realized the unprecedented sum of £225, and it is stated that this egg has since changed hands at an advanced figure.

THE COMMON GUILLEMOT.

The common guillemot (*Uria troile*) inhabits the northern coasts of Europe and the North Atlantic, and is strictly a bird of the ocean. It breeds extensively on the Farne Islands, Northumberland, and in many other parts of the United Kingdom. The bird is about seventeen inches in length, and twenty-seven in breadth. The



head, neck, and upper parts are blackish brown, with a slate tinge on the back; the under parts below the throat and tips of secondaries are white; the bill is almost uniform black; the legs and feet are olivaceous brown; the irides hazel brown. Very old birds retain the summer plumage throughout the year. Like the auk, which it greatly resembles, the guillemot lays but one egg, which is large in proportion to her size; sometimes it is

of pale blue or sea-green colour, and at other times white or spotted; indeed, it varies so much in appearance that hardly two eggs are alike.

THE PUFFIN.

The puffin (*Morisonia fratercula*), which breeds on the Farne Islands, at Flamborough in Yorkshire, and at many stations on the Scottish coast, has a variety of common names, such as coulternib, sea parrot, pope, mullet, and Tammie Norrie. This last term seems to be applied to the puffin on the east coast of Scotland; and the local rhyme shows that it breeds on the Bass Rock. Thus:—

Tammie Norrie o' the Bass,
Canna kiss a pretty lass.

The puffin from its peculiar conformation, is ill able to walk on land; but on the sea, which may almost be termed its native elements, it is most expert in swimming and



diving. Its food consists of sprats and other small fish, the smaller crustacea, such as shrimps, &c. The note is a low "orr, orr." It breeds in holes in high cliffs overhanging the sea, in holes in the turf, and in deserted rabbit burrows. The holes, most authorities state, are made by the male birds, and the solitary egg is deposited at the far end. The male puffin weighs from twelve to thirteen ounces; length, one foot to thirteen inches. The curious bill, from which the bird derives one of its common names, coulternib, is of several colours—the fore part about the mouth, which projects a little both above and below, yellowish white, the next portion bluish grey, followed by orange red, and again by bright red. It seems that the bill does not attain its full size till the third year. The wings expand to the width of one foot nine inches; greater and lesser wing coverts, glossy black; primaries, dusky black, but paler than the secondaries,

which are also black. The tail is short, and black in colour. Upper tail coverts, black ; legs and toes, bright orange red ; claws, black, the inner one much hooked ; webs, orange red. The female in size and plumage resembles the male.

A Cumberland Poet : Josiah Relph of Sebergham.

JHE village of Sebergham, about ten miles south-west of Carlisle, is located amongst some of the most charming and picturesque scenery in the whole county of Cumberland. Here was born, lived, and died, during the first half of last century, Josiah Relph, a remarkable man, a genuine poet, but one about whom little is known at the present day. Relph's father was a yeoman of humble rank, possessing a small paternal estate in the parish of Sebergham. Here the poet was born on the 3rd of December, 1712. At an early age he was sent to Appleby, and placed under the care of a schoolmaster of great repute, a Mr. Yates, whose abilities as a preceptor gained him the name of "the northern Busby." On reaching the age of fifteen, Relph was transferred to the University of Glasgow, where he is said to have given proofs of his remarkable genius. Here, however, he did not remain long, but returned to his native village. One of his biographers conjectures, with great probability, that he was induced to leave the Scottish seat of learning by his "love of retirement and the pleasure of being near his favourite home." At the village of Sebergham he became the master of the grammar school. In 1733 the minister, or, as we should say in this day, the vicar of Sebergham, one Reverend James Kinnear, died, and Relph was chosen by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to succeed him. The living was worth about thirty pounds a year, but the new minister's income, from church and school together, is believed never to have exceeded fifty pounds per annum.

Relph's predecessor in the pulpit of Sebergham was a Scotch Episcopalian, who, at the downfall of Episcopalianism in Scotland, had been driven by the fury of the Presbyterians from the rectory of Annan, and had found a refuge in this secluded Cumberland village. Before his time there had been no settled minister at Sebergham, but the Chapter of Carlisle had sent over once a month one of their own number to render to the parishioners the small modicum of religious instruction which the slender value of the tithes warranted. Under such circumstances we are scarcely surprised to learn that Kinnear found the inhabitants rude and unpolished, ignorant and illiberal, abjectly superstitious in the belief of exploded stories of witches, ghosts, and apparitions, with but little morality and less

religion. "They spent their Sundays in tumultuous meetings at ale-houses, or in the rude diversions of football." Kinnear set himself the task of reforming these people. He was an austere man, his religion gloomy and unsocial, his conversation distant and reserved, and his manners ungracious. Attacking and roundly condemning all amusements, even the most innocent, he lost by his moroseness what else he might have gained by the blameless tenor of his life. "His parishioners despised and neglected him, and he gave them up as desperately abandoned, profligate, and irreclaimable." He spent forty-five years in the parish, and left the people much as he found them.

Relph only held the living for the short period of ten years. He was a man of great ability united with extreme modesty. His temperament was social and cheerful, his manners were amiable, and his friendships warm. His influence on his people was of the most marked character. A writer who lived amongst them shortly after his day speaks of "elegance of conversation, esteem for learning, and reverence for religion" as their distinguishing traits. A lecturer who frequented Sebergham shortly after Relph's death was often heard to say that "in no part of the world, not even in the metropolis, did he ever address an audience by whom he appeared to be so well understood as at Sebergham." Relph deserves to be remembered, too, for the catholicity of his character. "He was so averse," says one writer, "to cavilling about the abstract questions of sectarian controversy, that his esteem was frequently bestowed on men whose ideas of religion were entirely opposite to his own; it was not the profession of religion which ensured his regard, but the zealous practice of its duties."

Relph's career was uneventful. A step-mother was the great trouble of his life. But from all his cares he had two happy retreats. "In a lonely dell, by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided a table and stool, and a little raised seat of sods." Hither he retired for solitary meditation. But within his father's small estate, which, despite its smallness, enclosed "flowery meadows, silver streams, and hanging groves," there was a favourite fountain. "It poured, in soft meanders, down a gentle declivity, till it gained the Caldew, whose waters here leave the borders of a beautiful valley." Here, says his biographer, "he had a fish-pond, and a chair and table formed from the natural rock, where he was accustomed to entertain a select party of cheerful friends in the primitive simplicity which characterises the pastoral age."

He spent many of his nights in pacing the churchyard, or the silent aisles of his church. Then it was that "without any light, or with a light only sufficient to render darkness visible," he composed his sermons. Long after his death the awe excited amongst his parishioners by his nightly walks was well remembered.

Relph is described as a tall and thin man, with a com-

manding aspect, and a certain dignity of carriage which in no way detracted from his obvious modesty. He appears to have been always delicate. "He was abstemious to a very great degree; for he lived entirely upon milk and vegetables for many years." His numerous duties and his sedentary habits, and, perhaps, his nightly vigils, at length broke down his health. He died on the 26th June, 1743, at the age of thirty years. Before his death he sent for all his former pupils and poor parishioners, and received them one by one in his chamber, addressing to each words of advice and consolation. To the poor he made bountiful gifts, but strictly enjoined their secrecy. "Thus," says one of his friends and pupils, "he took more care in concealing his virtues than other people do their vices."

Fifty years after his death, a monument, inscribed to his memory in elegant Latin phrases, was placed on the wall of Sebergham Church. I venture to translate a part of the inscription: "To the memory of the Reverend Josiah Relph, whose genius and learning, whose candour of mind and sanctity of life would have worthily sustained and adorned the highest positions in the Church. But God saw otherwise. It was his part to move in the more humble though not less useful capacity of schoolmaster and minister of this church. He undertook the duties willingly, and faithfully fulfilled them. A friend to the muses, like another Theocritus, he happily sung the manners of homely life."

I can offer the reader no better or truer estimate of Relph's poetic talents than by quoting the very just and discriminating remarks of the Rev. Mr. Boucher in a life of the poet contributed to Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland."

"As a poet his merit has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those high-soaring critics who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. Relph's verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy, and that character they certainly merit in an extraordinary degree. His Fables may vie with Gay's for smoothness of diction, and are superior to Gay's by having their moral always obvious and apt. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that, if we might presume to seat ourselves in the chair of criticism, we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right it might be presumptuous in us to suppose; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves that a dialect is, if not essential, yet highly advantageous, to pastoral poetry, and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to the inimitably beautiful pastoral, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' of Allan Ramsay. Relph drew his portraits from real

life, and so faithful were his transcripts that there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sat for his Cursy and his Peggy. The Amorous Maiden was well known, and a very few years ago (this was written in 1794) was still living."

After such high and, as I think, deserved praise of Relph's poetry, the reader will probably be anxious to see a specimen. I have only space for one of the pastorals in the Cumberland dialect.

HARVEST; OR, THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

When welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagged far behind,
Nor seemed the weight of falling showers to mind;

A distant, solitary shade he sought,

And thus disclosed the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my outside heat;
Thur callar blasts may wear (1) the boilen sweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw' in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the please !)
At first I gat a gliff (2) o' Betty's feace;
Blyth on this trod (3) the smurker (4) tripped, and theer
At the deal-head (5) unluckily we shear: (6)
Heedless I glimed, (7) nor could my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand.
Down helled (8) the bluid; the shearers aw brust out
In sweets of laughter; (9) Betty luiked about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
What could I de in seek a dispert kease?

Away I sleenged, (10) to Grandy meade my mean, (11)
My Grandy (God be wud (12) her, now she's geane !)
Skilfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid,
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid;
The healen plaister eased the painful sair,
The arr (13) indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,—
My Grandy could not cure a bleedin heair;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworced to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruive;
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.

But how should honest Betty give relief?
Betty's a perfet stranger to my grief.
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolved indeed, but all in vain:
A springin blush spred fast ovr aither cheek,
Down Robin luiked and deuce a word could speak.

Can I forget that night? (I never can)
When on the clean sweeped hearth the spinnels ran. (14)
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed,
The lads as busy minded every thread.
When, sad! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew.
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—(15)
What could I de? I mud, mud take it up.
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
Een reached it back without the sweet reward,
O lastin stain! even yet it's elth (16) to treace
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
I fain would wesh it out, but never can,
Still fain it bides, like bluid of sackless (17) man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'. Wully spyd
A pair of scissors at the lass's side;

NOTES.

- (1) To wear, to dry. (2) A gliff, a passing sight. (3) Trod, a foot-path. (4) A smurker, a smiling girl. (5) Deal-head, the higher part of a narrow plot of ground in a common field, set out by land-marks. (6) To shear, to reap. (7) To glime, to look askance. (8) To helle, to pour. (9) Sweels o' laughter, bursts of laughter. (10) To sleenge, to skulk away. (11) Mean, moan, complaint. (12) Wud, with. (13) Arr, a scar. (14) The girls were sitting round the fire spinning. If the thread should break, and the distaff—the spindle—fell on the floor, then the young men rushed to seize it and restore it to its owner. The one who was fortunate enough to recover it claimed a kiss for his services. (15) To glop, to stare. (16) Elth, easy. (17) Sackless, innocent.

Thar lowsed, (18) he sleely droped the spinnel down.
And what said Betty? Betty struive to frown;
Up flew her hand to souse the cowren (19) lad,
But ah, I thought it fell not down o'er sad.
What followed I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw wattered then, and wattert yet.
Een weel is he 'at ever he was bwnn;
He's free frae aw thin bittrement and scworn.
What? mun I still be fashed (20) wi' straglen sheep,
Wi' far fetched sighs, and things I said asleep;
Still shamefully left snafflen (21) by my self,
And still, still dogged wi' the damned neame o' mell? (22)
Whare's now the pith (23) (this luive! the deuce ga' wi' t!)
The pith I showed, whenever we struive, to beat?
When a lang Iwonus through the cworn I meade
And, bustlin far behind, the leave (24) surveyed?
Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
Till Betty's kindness soll the loss repair.
And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind,—
Till I have learned to feace the maiden clean,
Oiled my slow tongue, and edged my sheepish een.
A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem raw't; (25)
Something o' compliments I think they ca'nt,
At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark.
O hed I this, this buik wad de my wark!
And I's resolved to have't what ever't cost!
My flute—for what'my flute if Betty's lost?
And if sae bony a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait (26) beside.
Farewell my flute then, yet or Carliale fair,
When to the stationers I'll stright repair,
And bauldly for thur Compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.
That duine, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write;—
A letter 'at soll tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.
But now the clouds brek off and sineways (27) run;
Out frae his shelter lively luike the sun;
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry;
The lads are gawn to shear—and see mun I.

B.

The Church of Haughton-le-Skerne.

DARLINGTON Market Place is our starting-point, and Haughton-le-Skerne our destination. The distance to be traversed is not great—not more, in fact, than a mile and a half—yet it compasses the great distance between commerce and husbandry, between town life and country life, between bustle, noise, a ceaseless going to and fro of many hurried lives, and quietude, peace, and leisure to watch the moving shadows of the day, and recognise the purpose of existence. The change is great and refreshing. Leaving behind us the streets of what is certainly not the most inviting side of Darlington, we soon find ourselves on the hedge-skirted road, and when the clamorous sounds of forges and foundries have fairly ceased to reach our ears, we are at Haughton Bridge over the Skerne—"the

NOTES.

(18) Thar lowsed, then loosed or cut. Wully, a sad rogue, was determined to show our bashful hero that he would restore the distaff to greater personal advantage. He did not wait for the thread to break, but slyly cut it. What followed the shepherd hesitates to relate, but when his rival secured the rewarding kiss his teeth "aw wattered." (19) Cowren, crouching. (20) Fashed, troubled. (21) Snafflen, sauntering. (22) Mell, a beetle; a term of reproach, meaning the hindmost. (23) Pith, stamina, physical vigour. (24) The leave, the rest. (25) Shem raw't, shame fall on it. (26) To lait to seek. (27) Sineways, sundry ways.

stream that divides," as the name means. The shallow river flows placidly, and, looking over the parapet, we find the yellow waterlily bearing up its golden blossom, and swaying to and fro on the gently moving water.

The village stretches away for a quarter of a mile beyond the church, skirting only one broad street, formed evidently in times when airy open spaces were liberally granted. So wide is the road that great patches can be allowed to retain their green turf, overshadowed by venerable trees.

Haughton is a place of remote antiquity. The name occurs in early documents as Hailtune, Hailietune, Halaghton, and some other forms, and may possibly mean "the holy town." It is first mentioned in history in a very singular way. Bishop Aldhune, the builder of the first cathedral at Durham, had a very extraordinary daughter. This girl, whose name was Ecgfrida, was given in marriage to Uchtred, the son of Cospatric, Earl of Northumberland. But the dowry given with the bride was almost as extraordinary as the lady herself, for it consisted of no fewer than six townships, all of which rightfully belonged to the Church of St Cuthbert. For some unrecorded reason Uchtred soon grew tired of his wife, and sent her back to her father, who resumed possession of the lands he had given with her. She afterwards became the wife of a Yorkshire thane named Kilvert, who after a time also sent her away, and, at her father's command, she returned to Durham, took the veil, and became a very good nun. Meantime, her first husband, Uchtred, married one Sigen, the daughter of Styr, a rich citizen. The condition upon which Styr gave his daughter to Uchtred was that he should kill one of Styr's enemies, named Turbrand. Whether Styr's daughter died, or, like her predecessor, was sent off to her father, we know not; but we certainly learn that Uchtred married a third wife, Elfgyva, the daughter of King Ethelred. This singular narrative tells us nearly all that we know of Styr. But he was a benefactor to Aldhune's church at Durham, and an ancient charter, transcribed in one of the lives of St. Cuthbert, records that he gave to that church, amongst other possessions, four carucates of land in Halhtune, which is our Haughton-le-Skerne. The date of this grant is not stated; but, from the connection in which it is mentioned in Symeon's "History of the Church of Durham," there can be little doubt that it shortly followed the erection of Aldhune's cathedral, near the end of the tenth century.

Even at this early period, we are justified in believing, there was a church at Haughton. When it was founded, or by whom, we shall never learn, but its existence is attested by a stone bearing decoration of Saxon character, and built into the south wall of the chancel, near the west end.

The present church is in many ways an interesting edifice. Though sadly mutilated and patched, it yet retains its original outlines. It is the only example of a

Norman village church in the whole county of Durham, and was probably built during the second quarter of the twelfth century. Its most striking feature is its broad, massive tower, which, though rude and plain, is still picturesque, and from many points groups well with the tall trees that environ the churchyard.

The tower possesses several peculiarities. First of all, its ground plan is not square, but measures considerably more from north to south than from east to west. Then, too, it is not, as is usually the case, built centrally in relation to the west front of the church, but goes further to the north than to the south. The west doorway, which is the principal entrance to the whole edifice, is opposite the centre line of the nave, with the inevitable result that it is not in the middle of the west front of the tower. This doorway, with its plain arch, flat lintel, nook shafts, and rude cushioned capitals, though totally devoid of any attempt at decoration, possesses a certain dignified simplicity. Over it, but a little to the north, so as to coincide with the centre of the tower front, is a very unpretending inserted window of three lights and of Perpendicular date. The upper stage of the tower has been greatly rent and shaken, and the repairs which have been considered desirable have obliterated the west window of the belfry. The other windows of this stage, each of two lights, still remain. The tower is ascended by a spiral staircase, enclosed in a projecting turret, which is square below and octagonal above.

There are three bells in the tower. One of these is of pre-Reformation date. The only inscription it bears consists simply of parts of the alphabet reversed. Alphabet bells are not very uncommon. There is one at Bywell which bears the complete alphabet. The letters on the Haughton bell are arranged in three panels, as follows:—

VTSR QP AEC

As will be noticed, three of the letters are upside down. Both the other bells bear the date 1664, and were cast by Samuel Smith, of York, a famous bell-founder. One is inscribed

SOLI DEO GLORIA

(Glory to God alone), and the other,

VENITE EXVLTEM DOMINO

(Come, let us sing unto the Lord).

On entering the church we are at once struck by its unmodernised aspect. The fashions of the day in matters of ecclesiastical furniture and arrangement have not yet been allowed to intrude into this venerable edifice. Not only to the lover of antiquity, but to every one who has any perception of what is congruous, it can but be painful, after seeing the mouldering outside of an ancient church, to find, on entering its doors, everything "span new," and brought up to the requirements of the latest craze of the restorer or the sacerdotalist. This is happily not the case at Haughton. It is a church which remains as it was in the days of our great-great-grandfathers. Such

churches are now few, indeed. In most counties of England they might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The stall work, of dark oak, which fills the church from end to end, is of the time of the Restoration, or thereabouts. The iron latches on the pew doors are quaint, and now very rare. The pulpit, on the south side of the chancel arch, and the reading desk on the north side, are of almost identical design. Each is surmounted by a massive sounding board, with open cornice and carved pediment. Even the communion table and the font cover, the latter richly carved, with pierced tracery of excellent design for its period, are of the same date as pulpit and stalls. There are two good seventeenth century oak chairs within the altar rails. I doubt whether any other church in the Northern Counties, except Brancethorpe, contains so complete a series of internal fittings of one date.

The chancel arch is rude and massive. It is perfectly plain, consisting of two square orders, and rests on heavy chamfered abaci. It is very narrow, and its south jamb has been cut away. There are two large squints or hagioscopes, one on each side of the arch, the south one now blocked up. They are as rude and simple in character as could possibly be conceived, and have been described as "mere rude holes, made anyhow, in order to get a peep at the altar."

The windows have been sadly tampered with. The chancel was originally lighted by four round-headed windows, two in the north wall and two in the south, and a triplet of similar lights in the east wall. Those in the side walls have been blocked up, and the place of the east window has been taken by a modern caricature of an early four-light window. Another modern window, also of four lights, has been broken through the south wall. There is a walled-up priest's door in the north wall of the chancel, and a "low-side window," also walled up, opposite.

The windows of the nave are of most heterogeneous character. At the east end, on each side, is a broad and low round-headed window, with a central mullion running up into the arch. The hood-moulding of the one in the south wall bears ornaments which appear to indicate that it is ancient. Then, in each wall, we have a very plain and tall lancet light, of the thirteenth century. Next, in the south wall, comes a square-headed window, enclosing three round-headed lights, and bearing its date—the year 1725—in the inner splay. This window has been copied in the two western windows of the north side. The last one on the south is a large, ugly aperture, of no style, and consequently of unassignable date.

The font is circular, standing on a shaft of unusual design. It is of the thirteenth century. The roofs, both of nave and chancel, are nearly flat. There is not much attempt at ornament about them, though that of the chancel is the richer of the two. Both belong to the fifteenth century.

Besides its present means of ingress, the nave had formerly two others, one in the north wall and one in the south. The doorway on the north, with its flat lintel, and jambs incircling inwards, is of the plainest character. It is now walled up. The south doorway is concealed by a late porch, now used as a tool house, in the walls of which are fragments of ancient stones, one of them part of a thirteenth century grave cover. This doorway is very similar to that in the west wall of the tower, except that the arch is surmounted by a billeted hood-moulding.

The church contains two monuments of more than ordinary interest. One of these, a stone slab in the floor beneath the tower, bears the following inscription:—

Under ysto lyith D
am Gleabeth nanton
Prioress of the Soul Ihu
have merci.

(Under this stone lieth Dame Elizabeth Nanton, Prioress. Of the Soul Jesu have mercy.) Elizabeth Nanton, or Naunton, was prioress of Neasham in 1488 and 1489.

The second monument to which I refer is a brass, now fixed to the east wall of the nave. It represents a lady in Elizabethan costume, with head dress, deep ruff, and embroidered gown, holding two infants in swaddling clothes, one in each arm. Beneath the figure is the following inscription:—

HERE LYETH SHE WHOSE BIRTH WHOSE LIFE WHOSE END
DOE ALL IN ONE HIR HAPPY STATE COMMEND
HIR BIRTHE WAS WORSHIFFYLL OF GENTLE BLOOD
HIR VERTVOVS LIFE STILL PRAISED FOR DOING GOOD
HIR GODLY DEATH A HEAVENLY LIGHT HATH GAINED
WHICH NEVER CANN BY DEATH OR SIN BE STANED.
DOROTHY DAVGHTER OF RICHARD CHOLMLEY ESQVIRE THE
THIRD SONNE TO SR RICHARD CHOLMLEY KNIGHT LATE
WIFE OF ROBERT PARKINSON OF WHESSET GENTLEMAN
DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE NINTH OF IVLYE 1592, AND
LYETH BVRYED NEARE THIS PLACE WITH HIR TWO
TWINES RICHARD PARKINSON AND MARMADVKE PARKINSON
SONNES OF THE SAID ROBERT AND DOROTHY
CONIVGI FILIISQ' CHARISS: PATER: CONIVNXQ'. MESTISS.
POSVIT.

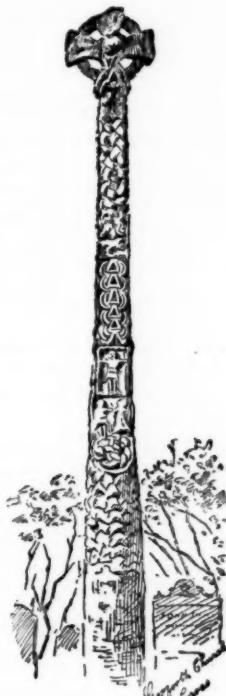
(To the dearest wife and sons, the saddest father and husband has placed this monument.)

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.



Ancient Cross at Gosforth, Cumberland.

ABOUT five miles north of Ravenglass in Cumberland lies the village of Gosforth. An old stone pillar which stands in the churchyard of the village, and of which we give a sketch, has long been a puzzle to antiquaries. According to Parsons and White, "it was formerly surmounted by a cross till it incurred the displeasure of a poor idiot who knocked it down with a stone." The *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1799, printed the following description of it:—"In Gosforth churchyard is a cross, whether Danish or British no one knows. It is fourteen feet high; the lower part is placed on a pedestal of three steps; the top is perforated with four holes; the sides are enriched with various guilloches and other ornaments, and men with animals in bas-relief—one of a man on horseback upside down. Another column was there once, but it has been taken away, as also a horizontal statue between them, with a sword sculptured on it."



Notes and Commentaries.

OLD STREET CRIES IN NEWCASTLE.

Students of musical form will agree with Mr. Greenwell (whose note appears on page 379) that it would be a pity to entirely lose the street cries of Tyneside.

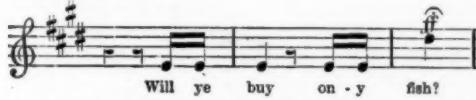
Mr. Greenwell's "Fine Borgundy peors" and "Fine boiled crabs" are admirably true—though the latter, as I knew it, ran "Fine boiled crabs, *new* boiled crabs." His rendering, too, of "Will ye buy ony fish?" I remember distinctly, though a much more picturesque one occurs to me.

In its simplest form the "fish cry" in Shields was:—



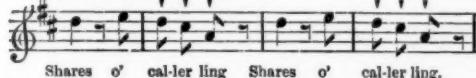
and at its best, from the clear and strong larynx of a young Cullercoats fisher lass, it was a beautiful and characteristic one. The pitch I give is that unconsciously adopted by the young girls, matrons being content to take it, say, a third lower, while the quavering and half querulous tones of the old women struggling along under the heavily loaded creel would be a fifth lower—and a saddening cry, too.

An extraordinary and startling, though intensely interesting, form is:—

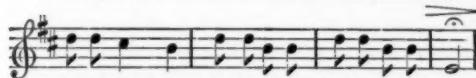


As a boy, I never ceased to marvel at the unerring precision with which the most difficult interval was struck by some of the strident-voiced Cullercoats women.

Another fine cry was:—



But the gem of the Cullercoats cries is the following:—



What Shields schoolboy does not remember the ring of this call—on hot summer mornings—with its suggestions of burning sands and sparkling ripples, urging him to "play the neck"? In its defiance of rhythm and the weird freedom from total relationship of the final note, it strikes me as being highly characteristic of the best of these street phrases.

On dark winter nights, however, the lonely cry of the oysterman tended rather to make superstitious youth cover his head with the bedclothes, or, if yet astir, crouch by the parent hearth.



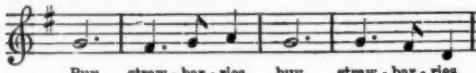
A shuddering, eerie call, truly—receding or approaching, but rarely at hand.

Less mysterious, and perhaps with a touch of comfort and fellowship in it, was:—



A very melodious cry, but murdered in execution by a

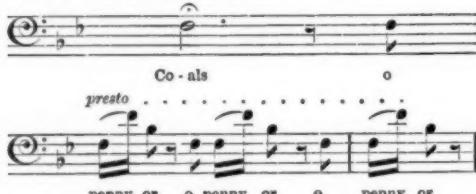
very stout and hoarse "wife," who, destitute of vocal endowments, gave it most unmusical rendering, was :—



Buy straw-barries, buy straw-barries.

Sometimes it was "corn barries," sometimes "raspberries"—that depending upon the season and the good woman's wares—but never "gooseberries," for these in my early days were ever "grozors." Musicians will note, by the way, that this cry furnishes the multitudinous writers of the modern waltz with a better *motif* than they usually manage to secure.

For utter and irredeemable untunefulness, I remember nothing to equal a cry which, I am afraid, no possible notation could enable me to give even an approximately good notion of; yet it must be familiar to those who have paid any attention to street calls. Here it is, as near as I can get to it, that is to say :—



penny or o penny or o penny or

As written, it is nothing amiss—but as "sung," it is hideous, the intervals being treated in the freest possible manner. Many a time have I followed the sooty-faced itinerant coal-vendor, hoping to wring from the howl projected by him down narrow alley or court or chare the hidden meaning of the "penny-or," but it never came. Perhaps it meant "Coals the pennyworth," though I doubt very much that so small a transaction was being promoted.

GEO. H. HASWELL, Ashleigh, Birmingham.

OYSTERSHELL HALL.



OYSTERSHELL HALL.

some thirty or forty years ago, and the site is now occupied by the cabinet-making establishment of Messrs. Kilgour and Liddell. Oystershell Hall derived its name from the circumstance that the whole of the building, except the roof, but including the chimneys, was covered with oystershells, the concave side, or inside, outwards. When

More than fifty years ago Oystershell Hall was one of the sights of Newcastle. The house was an ordinary building standing at the edge of a garden at the top of Bath Lane, Newcastle. It was pulled down

the sun shone upon them, the effect was brilliant. Half a century ago the house was occupied by a person named Moat, a gardener. Surrounded with orchards and gardens, it was then on the outskirts of the town. The drawing that I give is from memory; it may not be correct in every particular; but it is, I think, sufficiently accurate to convey an idea of this old-time curiosity.

JOHN MCKAY, Newcastle.

TOAD MUGS.

Specimens of these curious articles are by no means rare. They are still made at or near Sunderland, and may be bought for a few pence each in Sunderland Market.

J. R. BOYLE, Low Fell, Gateshead.

YORKSHIRE PLANT LORE.

The following are some of the queer sayings common in Yorkshire with reference to plants, &c. :—

If bud's-eye be open, nar rain 'll fall.
Courtin' 'll cease when t'garse is out o' flower.

Fox-gloves kill all other plants.
If an apple tree has flowers and fruit on at the same time, 'tis a sign of misfortune to the owner.

The juice of the sun spurge will cure warts.

Or finding a plant of shepherd's purse, open a seed vessel; if the seed is yellow, you will be rich; if green, you will be poor.

Poppies will give you a headache if you gather them.
A bunch of rosemary thrown into a grave will make the spirit rest.

If a stranger plants parsley in a garden, great trouble will befall the owner.

If rosemary flourishes in a garden, the wife will be master; if it dies, the master will.

Many berries make a hard winter.

If t'oak blaws afore t'esh,
Then we'raen we'll get a splash;
If t'esh blaws afore t'oak,
Then depend we'll have a soak.

ALEXANDER SCOTT, Blackburn.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

TINSMITH OR MARINE ENGINEER.

A youth who was employed in a tinner's shop in Gateshead with the intention eventually of becoming a tinsmith, went up to one of the workmen one day and asked: "What will aa be when aa's out of ma time? Will aa be a marine engineer?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

Several pitmen were gazing into a taxidermist's window at various specimens of his art. One of them, describing the birds, concluded as follows:—"This is a varry fine specimen of the tawny owl." "Begox, Jack," said one of his auditors, "if aa hadn't knaan that ye elwes tell'd the truth, as wad ha' caaled hor a jenny colet!"

RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT.

A soldier from Tyneside was stationed in Gibraltar, where the military chaplain was always advising the men to receive the sacrament, for it would, he said, bring them eternal life. One Saturday night Geordy got too

much Spanish wine ; the next morning he was very sick, but was sent to clean the garrison church for Sunday parade. On entering the vestry he saw a white glass bottle full of red ink. Thinking it was the wine used for the sacrament, he took a good hearty swig. The next moment the chaplain arrived. Seeing Geordy vomiting, he exclaimed : "Good gracious, my man, what is the matter with you?" "Wey, sor, aa'm blessed if aa knaa ; but aa've just received the sacrament, and instead of life it's bringing me deeth !"

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Some of the men at a local steel factory, where the electric light is used, were recently working overtime. It happened that the light went out. Instantly one of the men approached with an oil-lamp and applied it to the jet. "Stop that gyem," shouted a stoker, "or ye'll blaas us all up." "Aa waddent hae been to blame," said the man with the lamp ; "they should hae put plenty of oil intiv hor before they went away !"

A STRANGER IN THE DISTRICT.

Two men were walking in the neighbourhood of Lemington when the sun was setting in the west. A discussion arose between the two as to whether it was the sun or the moon. They determined to settle it by reference to an old woman that was coming towards them. Each stated his opinion, the one saying it was the sun, the other saying it was the moon. The old lady looked at the two in astonishment, and then said :—"Aa's sure aa dinnet knaa, hinnies ; aa's a stranger in these parts!"

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

A well-known workman at Sesham Colliery, a true-born Welshman, and a prominent Volunteer, was often called upon for a song at convivial gatherings. One of his favourite ballads was in the Welsh language, and, though the listeners did not understand a word of it, they enjoyed it immensely. On one occasion, being called upon as usual for a song, he said, "What shall I sing?" A voice from the other end of the room called out : "Let's hev, 'Toss hor doon, kick hor weel, and clash hor agyen the waal !'

A FISHWOMAN'S POLITENESS.

The wife of a fisherman was invited to see some pictures which a Cullercoats artist had just painted. A clergyman happened to be in the room at the time. One of the pictures showed a well-known fisherman returning from a shooting expedition, with a number of ducks and other sea birds slung over his shoulder. As soon as she saw the picture, the visitor exclaimed, "That's the biggest lea i' Cullercoats. Must have bowt them birds. Couldn't hev shutten 'em if he'd tried." When the clergyman retired, the good woman asked who he was. The artist gave the name of a vicar or rector in the Church of England. "Eh, hinny !" cried the fishwife in distress, "aa's dune it this time. Aa shuddent hev said leer ; aa shud hev said lior !"

North-Country Obituaries.

The Rev. John Lawson, vicar of Seaton Carew, near West Hartlepool, died on the 10th of August, at the age of 83. He was appointed to that position in December, 1835, and for fifty years he did the work of the parish alone. The rev. gentleman was never known to be absent from the parish, never took any holiday, and was said to have never, in the whole period of his charge, been absent one Sunday.

On the 13th of August, Bridget McKinley, a well-known vendor of wares, who had been brought before the magistrates an extraordinary number of times, died in Hall's Court, Newcastle.

On the same day, William Macgregor, who claimed to be champion quoit player of England, died suddenly at South Shields.

Mr. Thomas Harker, a noted Wesleyan preacher, died at Bishop Auckland on the 14th of August. Mr. Harker was an excellent player on the violin.

The Rev. Francis Plevy Timaeus, chaplain of the Durham County Asylum, died on the 15th of August at his residence, The Lizards, near Sedgefield. Prior to entering upon his appointment at Sedgefield in 1883, Mr. Timaeus was curate at Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

The death was announced, on the 16th of August, of Mr. Andrew Ross, ironmonger, of Dean Street, Newcastle. The deceased, who was 44 years of age, took an active interest in the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society.

On the same day, at Wolsingham, died John Nicholson, who for more than sixty years had been connected with the parish church at that place as sexton and bellringer. These offices he resigned only a year or two ago on account of infirmity, and because he had been elected as an "out-brother" of Sherburn Hospital. The deceased who had served under six rectors, was about 89 years of age.

Mr. Robert Bradburn, secretary of one of the Stockton branches of the Amalgamated Engineers, died suddenly on the 18th of August.

The Rev. George Pearson Wilkinson, of Harperley Park, near Bishop Auckland, died at his residence on the 21st of August. The deceased gentleman, son of a former Recorder of Newcastle, was born at Harperley on the 16th of May, 1823, and was, therefore, 67 years of age. He received the earlier part of his education at Harrow, and was afterwards sent to Durham University, where he obtained his M.A. degree. He became a barrister, travelling the Northern Circuit for seven years, but he took Holy Orders in 1857. He married Miss Mills, daughter of the late Mr. Mills, owner of the Helme Park estate. On the death of his father, deceased became heir to the Harperley estate. He had been a member of the Commission of the Peace for the county of Durham since 1854, and, being senior magistrate at the time of the death of the late Colonel Stobart, he was appointed chairman of the Auckland bench of magistrates, the duties in connection with which he continued to discharge consistently and efficiently. In 1857 he was appointed Vicar of Thornley, which at that time included Tow Law. He was an alderman of the County Council (Durham), Deputy-Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and Chairman

of the Prisons Committee. He was elder brother of Dr. Wilkinson, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. The rev. gentleman was also a prominent Freemason.

On the 22nd of August, the death was announced of Mr. James Lilley, of East Ord, who had been early connected with the management of fisheries both on the sea coast around Berwick and on the Tweed.

Mr. William Model, of Hetton Hall Gardens, Hetton-le-Hole, died on the 23rd of August, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. Robert Dove, who was for 37 years in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Co., and was until recently goods superintendent at the Forth Station, died on the 24th of August, aged 49.

On the 25th of August, Mr. William Davy, agent for the North-Eastern Banking Company, and manager of the Gas and Water Companies of Rothbury, died in that village, in the 62nd year of his age.

On the same day Mr. George Childs, a well-known resident at Sunderland, died there, at the advanced age of 74. For twenty-five years he was a member of the Board of Guardians, during two years of which he was chairman of that body. He was treasurer of the Savings Bank, Monkwearmouth, and was actively identified with other social and philanthropic undertakings in the town. The deceased carried on the business of timber merchant during the time of wooden shipbuilding.

Mr. Adam Thompson, brewer, died at Chester-le-Street on the 26th of August, at the advanced age of 89 years. The deceased was a native of Whitburn, but was brought up at Westoe, where he knew Willie Wouldhave, of life-boat fame.

Mrs. Caleb Richardson, of West Lodge, Sunderland, died on the 26th of August, having just completed her 90th year. Her late husband was well known as the proprietor of one of the largest steam flour mills in the town.

On the 26th, also, died the Rev. John Rathbone Ellis, Rector of Westerdale. The deceased gentleman was about 75 years of age, and was one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in the diocese of Cleveland.

On the 28th of August, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, D.D., died at his house, Percy Court, Morpeth. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, was a native of Rothbury, but was brought to Morpeth in his infancy. He commenced active life as a schoolmaster in the room now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association in the latter town, and, afterwards proceeding to Edinburgh, he studied for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. He held several charges, and he established the Presbyterian Church at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, as well as the mission at Bullers Green, Morpeth. He devoted much of his time to literature, and was the author of some dozen or more works bearing on Scripture. The book by which his name is, perhaps, best known is his two-volumed *Commentary on the Romans*. For this he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The rev. gentleman had travelled much in Egypt, Palestine, and India.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 97, Mr. Wylam Walker died at his residence, Orchard House, Hexham. The deceased served his apprenticeship as a colliery viewer, and was afterwards appointed agent and viewer to Mr. Thomas Wade, then of Hylton Castle, in which capacity he continued for twenty years. In October, 1831, at the commencement of the making of the Newcastle

and Carlisle Railway, he was engaged by the directors as an engineer, with the late Mr. Blackmore, and he was so employed till the completion of the undertaking. Mr. Walker was one of the founders of the Hexham Gas Company, of which he was a director to the day of his death.

Mr. John Robinson, one of the oldest inhabitants of Blyth, died in that town on the 30th August. He was in the 84th year of his age, and was a native of Monkseaton. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to Robert Pollock, of North Shields, printer, in 1821, and he began business on his own account at Blyth in 1828. The deceased left two sons, Mr. John Robinson, jun., and Mr. Watson Robinson. Mr. Robinson was for several years secretary for the Blyth and Cowpen Association for Prosecuting Felons, and he held a similar position for the Phoenix Friendly Society, established for the benefit of seamen and others.

Mr. George Weatherill, a noted Yorkshire artist, died at Whitby on the 30th of August, in his 50th year.

On the 1st of September, Mr. Christopher Jordison, an old and highly respected Stockton standard, died in that town, at the age of 76.

Mr. Frederick Herman Weyergang, Scandinavian Consul at Blyth, died on the 2nd of September.

On the 4th of September, the death was announced of Mr. Jacob Marshall Cousins, pawnbroker, formerly a member of the Town Council and Board of Guardians of North Shields.

On the 2nd of September, Mr. W. H. Liddell, employed at the South Pontop and Burnhope Colliery Office, Quayside, Newcastle, died very suddenly at Fritton, near Lowestoft. He was about 29 years of age.

Mr. Blackett-Ord, niece of the late Mr. William Ord, who represented Morpeth in Parliament from 1802 till the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and Newcastle from 1835 till 1852, died at Whitfield Hall on September 3rd. The deceased lady was the widow of the Rev. J. A. Blackett, of Wolsingham, who afterwards assumed the name of Ord. She was 71 years of age.

Mr. Ralph Thompson, who for many years carried on the business of watchmaker in the Arcade, Newcastle, and was for some time a member of the Board of Guardians, died on the 4th of September, at the age of 71.

On the 8th of September, Mr. Alexander Christison, general passenger superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway Company, died at Bridlington Quay. Before his appointment to that office, thirty-two years ago, he held positions of responsibility both at Gateshead and Newcastle. Mr. Christison was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, and was about 67 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

AUGUST.

11.—An action against Mr. Thomas Bell, Mayor of Newcastle, commenced the previous day, was concluded at the Leeds Assizes. Donald Stuart, late valet to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, sought to recover damages for slander, the Mayor having informed Mr. Stanley, while his guest in Newcastle, that the plaintiff had been suspected of the theft of a lady's gold watch and

chain at the Waterloo Hotel, in Edinburgh. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £250 and costs.

—The steamer *Halcyon*, of Hartlepool, from Ergasteria for Newport, was sunk in collision, and thirteen of her passengers and crew were drowned.

—A new and elegant Theatre of Varieties, capable of holding fully 3,000 persons, and erected at a cost of £8,000, was opened at West Hartlepool.

12.—At Leeds Assizes, Mr. J. W. Denton, wholesale clothier, Leeds, was awarded £1,211 compensation for injuries received in the Ryhope accident on the North-Eastern Railway. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 479.)

—It was announced that the late Dr. George Noble Clark had, in accordance with the terms of his will, bequeathed the sum of £500 to the funds of the Royal Victoria Asylum for the Blind, Northumberland Street; and a further sum of £500 to the funds of the Northern Counties Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Moor Edge, Newcastle.

—The second of a series of open-air concerts for the poor, promoted by Mr. T. S. Alder, was given in Gibson Street, Newcastle. Similar concerts were subsequently given at other parts of the city.

—A scheme of tree-planting on the Town Moor was adopted, subject to approval by the Freemen, by the Town Moor Management Committee of the Newcastle Corporation.

—An extraordinary rain storm commenced in Newcastle and district at a late hour in the evening, and did not cease till seven o'clock on the following morning. In many places the flood caused considerable inconvenience and damage to property. The Town Moor Recreation Ground was converted into a lake, the roadway to Gosforth was at places more than a foot under water, and pedestrians were obliged to avail themselves of the use of the tram cars and milk carts. The Model Dwelling House at the corner of Park Terrace was completely surrounded by the flood. In the neighbourhood of the Ouseburn and St. Peter's, which lie at a low elevation, the water gave the inhabitants much trouble; and some of the residents of Heaton had to make their way in and out of their houses by the windows. The most melancholy occurrence, however, was the death, by drowning in a small brook at Usworth, of a little girl named Jane Ann McMann. The rainfall for the twenty-four hours ending at ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th, measured 2·65 inches. On the 15th there was a renewal of the storm, accompanied by a high wind, in some districts, and a good deal of damage was done at Hartlepool, Alnwick, Low Fell, and other places.

13.—A drill-hall erected in Barrack Road, Newcastle, for the 1st Northumberland Artillery Volunteers, was opened by Colonel Scott, commanding the artillery of the North-Eastern district.

—A statement was published, showing that the late Miss Betsey Jackson, of 4, Holly Avenue, Newcastle, the daughter of a deceased Wesleyan minister, had left bequests to several local and other charitable institutions to the amount of £1,000.

—Probate was granted to the will of the late Mr. Richard Sheraton, of Bishopwearmouth, the value of the personality being £4,180 13s. 11d.

15.—A boy named John Ross, 13 years of age, was drowned while bathing at West Hartlepool.

—At a meeting of the Roman Catholic Chapter of Hexham and Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Watson, of Tudhoe, was elected Provost, in place of the late Rev. Canon Consett.

16.—It was reported that, in course of the demolition of some old premises in Market Street, Hexham, a number of Early English and other stones had been found, and had been removed to the collection of ancient stones stored in the north transept of the Abbey Church.

—In accordance with the will of the late Mr. Lewis Thompson, who bequeathed £15,000 for the benefit of the poor's rate at Byker, a beautiful wreath was placed on the deceased's grave and that of his father in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, pp. 286, 322, 478.)

—At a special meeting of delegates of the Durham Miners' Association, Mr. W. H. Patterson, financial secretary, was unanimously elected corresponding secretary to the association, in the room of the late Mr. W. Crawford, M.P. Mr. John Wilson, M.P., was elected in Mr. Patterson's place, and Mr. J. Johnson was elected treasurer and agent in the place of Mr. Wilson.

—For the week ending to-day, the death rate of Newcastle registered 33·9 per thousand, this being the highest rate recorded since the commencement of the year. For the week ending the 30th, the still higher death rate of 35·2 per thousand was reached, this being the highest of the twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales.

—The foundation stones for a new Presbyterian Church at Ashington were laid by Messrs. Alexander Taylor and W. S. Wilkinson.

—At the first ordinary general meeting of the North of England Temperance Festival Association, Limited—Mr. Ald. W. D. Stephens presiding—it was stated that thirty-five shareholders had subscribed a capital of £167—as much as was required.

—A man named John Morris, 52 years of age, plasterer, was burned to death, by accidentally setting the bed on fire, while under the influence of drink, in the Old Vagrant Yard, Queen's Lane, Newcastle.

—John Gibson, aged 37, expired in the Consett Infirmary from the effects of the burns sustained by the bursting of a steel ingot at the Consett Iron Company's Works on the 5th of August. (See *ante*, p. 431.)

18.—It was notified from the War Office that, in connection with the recent re-arrangement of the home military district, Newcastle had been chosen as the centre of a Royal Engineer sub-district of the North-Eastern District.

—A youth named Arthur Angus Wilson, 12 years of age, of Worsley, near Manchester, who was on a visit to some friends at Newton Cap, Bishop Auckland, was drowned while bathing in the river Wear.

—It was announced that, as part of the recommendations of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, in common with seven other similar institutions in the English provinces, would receive an annual scholarship of £150, to enable the most promising students to complete their education in those colleges, or in the larger institutions in the Metropolis.

19.—The first shipment of sulphur produced by the Chance process, from tank waste, took place from the new works of the Newcastle Chemical Works Company.

—The foundation stones of a new Wesleyan Sunday School were laid at South Hylton.

20.—Mr. Thomas Richardson, corn merchant, was unanimously elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council, in the room of Mr. J. G. Youll, resigned. On the same occasion, Sir Benjamin Browne, of the firm of Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited, was unanimously elected as representative of the Council on the Tyne Commission, in place of Mr. Youll. Sir Benjamin, in returning thanks, stated that, a little more than twenty-seven years ago, he was exceedingly proud to be placed in the position of an ordinary draughtsman in the service of the Commissioners, at a salary of £2 10s. a week.

—The memorial stones were laid of a new Methodist Mission Chapel in Cairo Street, Hendon.

—Richard Preston Taylor, a young man employed as clerk in the Co-operative Stores at Brandon, was drowned by accidentally falling out of a boat in which he was sailing, on the river Wear at Durham.

—On this and the two following days, the annual show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Botanical and Horticultural Society was held in the Leazes Park, Newcastle. The weather on the first day was fair, and the various attractions drew together a large number of visitors. The proceeds amounted to £255 on the first day, £240 on the second day, and £150 on the third day—total £645. This was £145 more than at the corresponding show of 1889.

21.—A boatman named Robert Thompson was crushed to death between a steamer and the side of the Central Dock, West Hartlepool.

—The Mayor and Mayoress of Berwick, Mr. and Mrs. William Young, entertained about 200 ladies and gentlemen to a pic-nic at Yearle, near Wooler.

—A number of Quay labourers out on strike marched in procession through the principal streets of Newcastle, headed by a brass band. On the following day, an amicable settlement of the dispute was arrived at.

22.—It was announced that Mr. C. Lang, a native of Newcastle, and Mr. Albert Watson, a retired City stock-broker, had arrived in London, having accomplished the remarkable feat of journeying round Europe on bicycles.

—The members of the Durham and Northumberland Archaeological and Architectural Society held one of their summer meetings at the foot of Ravensheugh, a peak of the Simonside range, at Rothbury. Mr. D. D. Dixon showed a very fine specimen of the bronze axe, found only a few days previously by Lord Armstrong's workmen while trenching the moor about a mile distant. The same gentleman read a description of the ancient burial places which, by the consent and liberality of Lord Armstrong, he had opened on that spot twelve months before.

23.—A demonstration of trades unionists, at which resolutions were passed in favour of shorter hours of labour, the federation of all trades, and the return of working men to Parliament and local authorities, was held in the West Park, Sunderland.

—The annual demonstration and gala of friendly and trades societies in connection with North Shields and district, in aid of the funds of the Victoria Jubilee Infirmary, took place in the Cricket Field, Preston Avenue, North Shields.

—The Princess of Wales passed through Newcastle, by ordinary train, en route for Scotland.

25.—William Newman, who for many years had been employed as stage carpenter at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, was engaged in arranging the scenery for the evening performance, when he fell from the "grid-iron" to the stage, a distance of 42 feet, and received such injuries as resulted in his almost instantaneous death.

—An interview took place at Middlesbrough between the Cleveland ironmasters and a deputation from the Blastfurnacemen's Association on the subject of wages. It was agreed to leave wages to the end of the year exactly as they now are. Mr. William Snow, the general secretary to the National Association of Blastfurnacemen, intimated to the ironmasters that a ballot had been taken throughout the National Association, and there was a very large majority in favour of demanding an eight hours' day, the numbers being:—For an eight hours' day at once, 4,288; for postponing the question for a time, 1,216; majority, 3,072.

—James Gibson, a young man 26 years of age, died from the effects of a wound accidentally received while shooting on the moors at Edmondbyers on the 15th inst.

27.—A public meeting was held at the Town Hall, North Shields—Mr. J. M. Ridley in the chair—to afford an opportunity to the sea salmon fishermen of laying before Mr. Berrington, an inspector of fisheries appointed by the Board of Trade, their views on altering the commencement and termination of the annual close season in the fishery district of the river Tyne. The evidence was generally favourable to the season commencing a month later. Similar meetings were held at other places on subsequent days.

—The result of the triennial election of a School Board for the parish of Heworth, consisting of seven members, was declared, the poll being headed by Colonel A. S. Palmer.

—A child, named Lillie Warren attempted to mount a passing tramcar, at West Hartlepool, and fell between the vehicle and the engine, with the result that her arms and legs were dreadfully mutilated, causing her death.

—A beautiful specimen of the kingfisher was caught by Mr. Robert Wilson, of London, and Mr. Thomson, gardener, on the estate of Mr. Pawdon, at Whittingham

28.—A beautiful new organ, the gift of an anonymous donor, was inaugurated in the Chapel of the Incarnation in the Cathedral of Newcastle.

29.—Two men, George White and Thomas Wren, were killed by a fall of slag at the slag-crushing works at Birtley; the recent heavy rains having, it was supposed, saturated the slag heap and undermined it.

—Her Majesty's ship *Bellona*, a twin-screw steel protected cruiser, was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Hebburn.

30.—An exhibition of co-operative manufactures was opened in the Tynemouth Aquarium by Mr. Albert Grey, the chair being occupied by Dr. R. S. Watson. The exhibition remained open till the 3rd of September, when an address was delivered by the Bishop of Durham.

—As the first ironclad built by the firm, the Infanta Maria Theresa was launched from the Martinez Rivas-Palmer Works at Bilbao, and named by the Queen Regent of Spain. On the occasion Sir Charles and Lady Palmer had a special private audience with her Majesty and the Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Canovas.

—In the *Weekly Chronicle* of to-day, it was announced

that the Rose Inn, Pudding Chare, which was one of the few quaint structures of a past age which remained in Newcastle, had been razed to the ground.

Some half century ago a person of the name of Smith Brown was the landlord of the house. George Barrat, who was stage carpenter at the Theatre Royal, succeeded Smith Brown, and died there. Thirty-five years ago the then proprietor, Robert Wallace, a smith and farrier, who carried on business in the adjoining yard, occupied the house himself for some years. Harry Wardle, a celebrated bowler, was the next tenant, and during his tenure the house was a noted resort of the bowling fraternity.

30.—A very perfect exhibition of the natural phenomenon known as the "Spectre of the Brocken" was witnessed by Mr. C. J. Spence, Mr. Edmund Procter, and other three gentlemen from Newcastle, on Scawfell, in the English Lake District.

31.—The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple, London, and a native of Hexham, preached in the Royalty Church, Sunderland.

—A strike took place among the choir boys in Chester-le-Street Parish Church, owing to the abandonment of the annual excursion; but at the evening service most of the discontented lads turned into their proper places in the choir.

—On the occasion of the last service in the Sunday school-room in connection with St. George's Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, the pastor, the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A., author of "The History of the Presbyterian Church of England," drew attention to an old Bible which bore date 1716, and which had been used by the people worshipping in that very building through many generations.

SEPTEMBER.

2.—Captain G. C. Coates, ship-surveyor, was elected a member of the Newcastle City Council, for North St. Andrew's Ward, in the room of Mr. Thomas Richardson, elevated to the aldermanic bench.

—At a meeting of the Stockton Town Council, it was resolved to purchase 23 acres of land in Durham Road, at a cost of between £6,000 and £7,000, for the purpose of a new cemetery.

3.—Mr. Francis Fearby, who had mysteriously disappeared, was found drowned in the river Swale, at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

—Mr. John Belk, of Middlesbrough, was appointed Recorder of Hartlepool.

—A competition took place in the setting of music to a song written especially for the use of cyclists, there being 304 competitors. Mr. Frederic H. Cowen was appointed adjudicator, and his award was made known to-day, announcing that Mr. C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., of South Shields, was the winner of the prize of 20 guineas.

3.—A person named Taylor, known as "the man-fish,"

performed some remarkable aquatic feats in the river Tees at Stockton.

4.—At a public meeting in Maple Street Hall, Newcastle, the appointment of Mr. George Sterling, as assistant-overseer for Elswick, was revoked; and it was resolved to obtain the services of an accountant, solicitor, and counsel, to assist in an investigation into the affairs of the township.

—It was decided to advance the wages of the slaters of Newcastle by a halfpenny per hour.

5.—At the Guildhall, Newcastle, a number of intakes, or enclosures, on the Town Moor, Nuns' Moor, and Castle Leazes, covering a total area of 100 acres, were let for a period of fourteen years. The average rent realised was about £8 per acre, and one of the plots was leased with a view to its sub-division into garden allotments.

—Mr. John Thornhill Harrison, M. Inst. C.E., held an inquiry at the Town Hall, Newcastle, as to an application from the Corporation to borrow £10,000 for paving purposes, and for the disposal of Corporation land in the township of Walker and in Bath Lane, by way of lease on sale and exchange.

Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P. for the Wansbeck division of Northumberland, was elected Parliamentary Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, in succession to Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., who had retired from the office.

6.—Mr. Edmund Tearle, the well-known Shakspearian actor, was presented with an illuminated address by the patrons of the drama in North Shields, where he and his company had been performing.

—It was stated that a movement had been initiated by the medical men of the city with a view of establishing a Health Society of Newcastle.

7.—At the service on the occasion of the re-opening of St. George's Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, two of the hymn tunes were the composition of the Mayor, Mr. Councillor E. E. Schofield.

8.—The Marquis of Londonderry laid the corner stone of a mission room and institute, in connection with St. Matthew's Church at Silksworth Colliery.

—A workman, named James Stuart, was killed by the collapse of a scaffold on which he was standing painting the funnel of a steamer at West Hartlepool.

—In the hall of the Jesmond Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, Mr. William Rodger, Principal of the Linguistic Institution, Hillhead, Glasgow, delivered a lecture on the subject "How to Learn a Language," the method which he advocated being that known as the oral system. The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell) presided, and there was a large attendance.

—Mr. J. T. Harrison, Local Government Inspector, held an inquiry at South Shields as to an application from the Town Council of that borough to borrow several sums of money for the execution of a series of public works.

—Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," visited Newcastle, as the guest of his nephew, Mr. W. H. Warlow, solicitor.

9.—At St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, Surgeon-Major W. A. Lee, of the Indian Medical Service, was married to Miss Annie Elizabeth Potter, second daughter of Colonel Addison Potter, J.P., C.B., of Heaton Hall, Newcastle.

10.—At a meeting in the Council Chamber, Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle, Mr. Alderman T. P. Barkas, in recognition of his long and successful administration of



OLD INN IN PUDDING CHARE.

the Central Exchange News Room and Art Gallery, as well as of his many public services as a social reformer and lecturer, was presented with a handsomely illuminated address and a cheque for £345. The presentation was made by the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Bell, by whom the testimonial had been originated.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

9.—Heligoland was formally transferred to Germany in accordance with the Anglo-German Treaty.

—Cardinal Newman died at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Born in 1801, he was trained in the Evangelical School of the Church of England, but in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome.

—At the Sussex Assizes, an action for breach of promise of marriage was brought by Miss Gladys Knowles against Mr. Leslie Frazer Duncan, the editor and proprietor of the *Matrimonial News*. The plaintiff was awarded £10,000 damages.

14.—The dispute with railway servants and other labourers which had paralysed the trade of South Wales was settled.

17.—The Queen's Theatre, Manchester, was almost totally destroyed by fire.

—Parliament was prorogued.

18.—Davis Dalton swam across the English Channel, from Cape Grisnez to Folkestone.

19.—As a coach was crossing the Kirkstone Pass, in the English Lake District, it was upset through one of the wheels breaking. Two ladies were killed and several persons injured.

21.—Owing to a great strike at Melbourne, Australia, business was reported to be at a standstill.

22.—Two men were killed and another injured owing to an explosion at the Government gunpowder factory at Waltham Abbey.

—A horrible case of cannibalism was reported from County Quebec, Canada. The infant son of a farmer named Cote was eaten alive by two insane boys whilst the parents of the little child were absent berry-picking.

25.—The St. Clair River Tunnel, between Port Huron, Michigan, U.S.A., and Sarnia, Ontario, Canada, the greatest river tunnel in the world, was completed.

—McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, U.S.A., was destroyed by fire, the damage amounting to two hundred thousand dollars.

—The Mombasa-Victoria-Nyanza Railway was inaugurated.

—A memorial to the soldiers who fell at Waterloo, erected on the site of that celebrated battlefield, was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge. The municipality of Brussels undertook the guardianship of the monument.

26.—Frederick Davis was hanged at Birmingham, and James Harrison at Leeds, both for the same offence—the murder of their wives.

27.—A fight took place in the American House of Representatives at Washington between Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Wilson, Republicans.

—A Blue Book stated that the total number of sea casualties to British vessels between July 1, 1888, and

June 30, 1889, was 6,923. The number of total losses at sea was 507.

28.—Thirty-one persons were injured during a railway collision at Milngavie Junction, near Glasgow.

29.—Queen Christina of Spain launched the first war vessel that has been built in Sir Charles Mark Palmer's shipbuilding yard at Bilbao.

SEPTEMBER.

2.—The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Bangor. The meeting was memorable from the circumstance that the Queen of Roumania (known in the literary world as "Carmen Sylva") was present.

—Mr. Mizner, the United States Ambassador to Guatemala, was attacked by Senorita Christina Barrundia, daughter of General Barrundia, who had been killed during a struggle with port officers who were trying to arrest him on board the United States steamer Acapulco, her object being to revenge her father's death. She fired a pistol at the Minister, but the bullet struck a law book which he held in front of him. The young lady and the members of her family were subsequently banished from the country.

—The Trades Union Congress, attended by many exciting incidents, commenced its sittings in Liverpool.

3.—The annual meeting of the British Association was held at Leeds, Sir Frederick Augustus Abel being the president for the year.

5.—Ten persons were killed and many injured at La Pallice Dock, La Rochelle, France, owing to an explosion in a dynamite factory.

6.—A man named Dixon successfully crossed the Niagara River, below the Falls, on a wire rope.

—Sergeant White, stationed in Jamaica, revolted against his officers, and took possession of a fort. The men of his regiment refused to attack him; but the fort was eventually captured by sappers, White being killed during the encounter.

—It was announced that a British protectorate had been accepted by the Barotse nation in Africa, whose territory is traversed by the Zambesi.

—About 18,000 people were rendered homeless by a destructive fire at Salonica.

8.—An International Chess Tournament was concluded at Manchester, the results being as follows:—First prize, £80, Dr. Tarrasch, Nuremberg; second, £60, Mr. J. H. Blackburne, London; third, £50, and fourth, £40, Mr. H. E. Bird, London, and Captain Mackenzie, New York, divide; fifth, £30, and sixth, £20, Mr. Gunsberg, London, and Mr. Mason, London, divide; seventh prize, £10, Mr. Alapin, St. Petersburg, Mr. Schere, Berlin, and Mr. Tinsley, London, divide.

9.—A serious riot occurred at Southampton. A number of strikers appeared at the docks and prevented a goods engine and train from entering. The police were overpowered, and the strikers regulated the traffic in and out of the docks, and finally determined that nothing should pass in or out. A body of troops from Portsmouth succeeded, after charging the crowds with fixed bayonets, in restoring order. The Riot Act was twice read by the Mayor.

—Death of Dr. Henry Parry Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's, aged 61.